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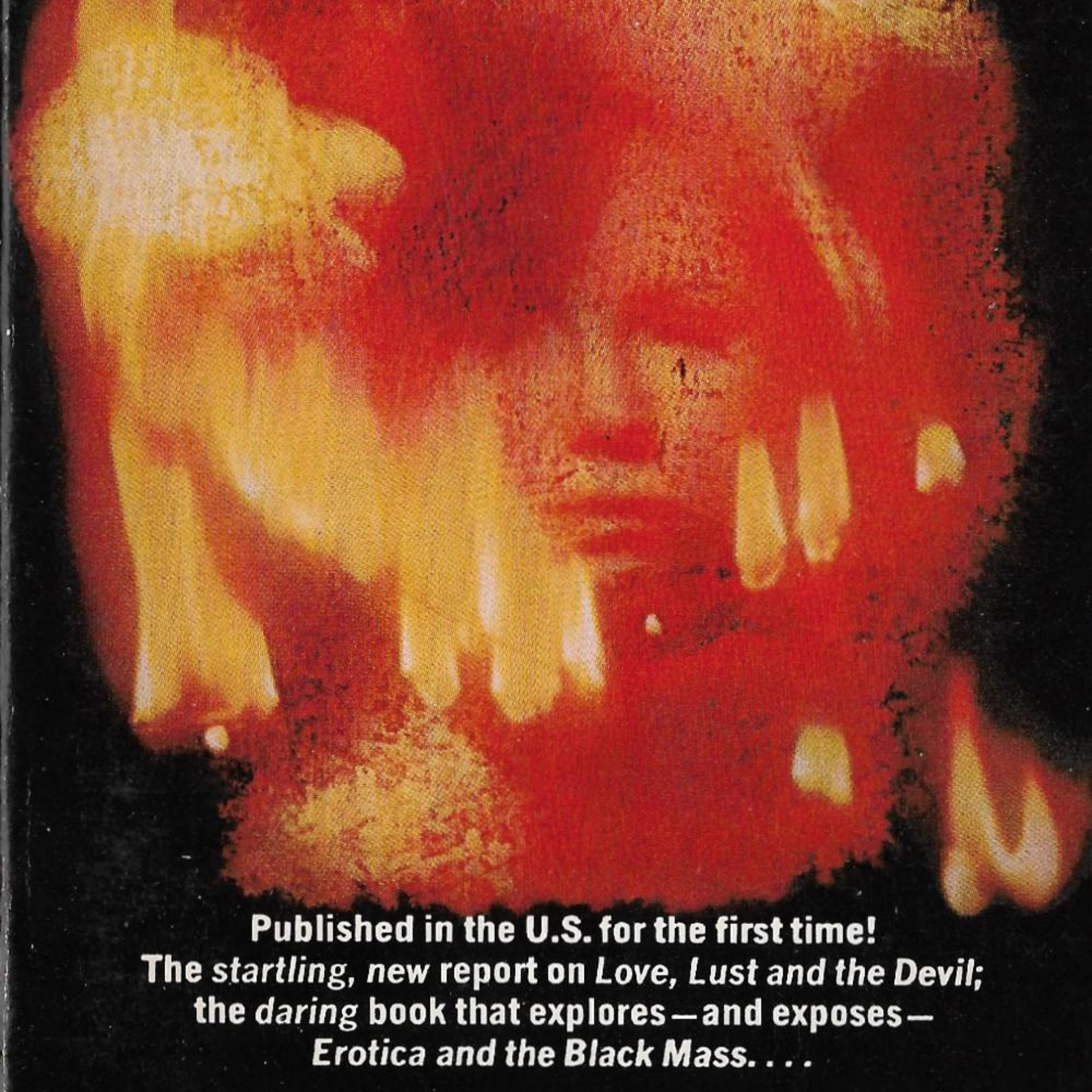
BRAD STEIGER

Author of *Strange Guests; We Have Lived Before; Cupid and The Stars; The Occult World of John Pendragon*, and others.

Sex and Satanism



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For sensation-seeking readers, Bowen described how he was initiated into the cult and became a "slave of Satan."

His clothes were ripped from him and flung into a corner. He stood facing Sisera, who had begun to remove her own clothing. Three large wooden trays were placed between Bowen and the Goddess of Desire. On the first platter was the head of a freshly killed ewe. The animal's viscera were piled on the other two trays. At a signal from the High Priest, Bowen and Sisera performed an act of ritual intercourse on the platters of bloody intestines.

"And that was just the start of the ceremony," Bowen told his readers. At the completion of the ritual intercourse on the grisly trays of viscera, the other members of the cult slipped off their black robes and performed "the most outrageous expressions of lewdness it is possible to imagine."

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Sex and Satanism

BRAD STEIGER

AN ACE BOOK

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In order to protect the guilty as well as the innocent, the author has in some instances changed names.

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CHAPTER ONE

WHAT IS SATANISM?

I feel compelled at once to define the Satanism discussed in this present book as being something very different from what is generally known as Witchcraft. Although Satanism and Witchcraft may have become synonymous in the popular mind, they constitute two vastly divergent philosophies and metaphysical systems. Paradoxically, Satanism and Witchcraft have had various antecedents which touched and blended briefly, but their respective practitioners have nearly always been well aware of the distinction between the two mystical and magical schools of thought.

To illustrate how this remains true today, let us quote a boxed-in warning which appeared in *Pentagram,* August, 1964, the newsletter of the Witchcraft Research Association. Under a bold headline which proclaims, "Black Magic," the notice reads:

> Many inquirers have had reservations about the WRA (Witchcraft Research Assoeiation) in case it was in some way associated with black magic. They can set their minds at rest: the WRA is intended to assist in achieving a better understanding of the Old Religion, perpetuated under the modern mass of Witchcraft; it has no desire to further the activities of any person or persons who may be concerned with

the desecration of religious houses or burial grounds of any denomination.

A word of warning is appropriate here; it is apparent that there are various persons and groups throughout the country purporting to practice "Witchcraft" and who are soliciting membership for their "covens." Some of these are quite harmless, but there are others which are known to be "fronts" for groups which have no association with any aspect of the craft, religion, or magic. It is known that one such group, shortly to advertise for members, is organised by thoroughly undesirable people practicing the most horrible sexual and other deviations. Please be extremely careful. Any reader approached by, or inadvertently approaching, such a group and who require advice or assistance may write, giving full details, to the WRA.

In the above notice, the witches are clearly warning their kind to beware of any involvement with Satanists. The Witchcraft Research Association is careful to disavow any activities which desecrate the religious houses or burial grounds of any denomination and any ceremonies which might include "horrible sexual and other deviations." In this official WRA disclaimer, we gain a glimpse both of what Satanism is and what Witchcraft is not.

As it shall be defined in this book, Witchcraft shall be shown to have had its origin in primitive nature worship. Witchcraft, that is, magic and sorcery, is a means by which man has sought to control the forces of nature and the elemental forces in both the seen and the unseen worlds. In essence, the power of Witchcraft is the effective exercise of mind over matter. The power of Witchcraft lies in what, today, we term

"psi" (psychic, mental) phenomena; and the source for whatever powers the witch possessed, or possesses, is to be found in the transcendental level of man's subconscious and is a function or capacity of non-physical (spiritual) man.

Satanism, the subject of this book, is essentially a perversion of both Witchcraft and formal, orthodox church worship (especially and specifically Christianity). Satanism mocks both the Old Religion's rituals and the priestcraft, dogma, and liturgies of the Church of Christ.

In this book, we shall see how, in a very real sense, the Church "created" the Satan of Satanism. We shall further observe how the decadent aristocracy converted the primitive beliefs of the serf into an obscene and jaded perversion of the ritualistic aspects of Christianity and Witchcraft. In addition, we shall trace how Satanism, that blasphemous and bastardized cult with its emphasis on sexual perversion and debased group sex rites, became confused with Witchcraft in the popular mind.

Witchcraft, the search to control natural forces through "psi" abilities, has always been with man, figuring in the background of some of mankind's most momentous social, ethical, and state decisions. Witchcraft comprises the shadowed pages which the standard history texts omit.

Satanism, on the other hand, constitutes the shameful rendering of the ancient rituals into debased and demeaning orgies and is symptomatic of sexual unrest and moral rebellion. In the strain of Satanism that may be considered at all sincere in purpose (regardless of how suspect that purpose may be) its practitioners concentrate upon Black Magic and sexual magic, but Satanism is generally satisfied with indulgence in per-

verted sex as a means of release from a repressive external culture. While Witchcraft originated as a force intended to be complementary to primitive society, Satanism has never pretended to be other than an enemy of the civil and religious Establishment, an unresting foe of the orthodox church, and the very antithesis of the precepts of White Magic.

At this point, we must emphasize that this book speaks as much in *present-tense* as it does in past-tense. In other words, both witches and Satanists are very much among us, around us, and beside us in 1970.

Raymond Buckland is the director of the Buckland Museum of Witchcraft and Magick, 111 Timberline Drive, Brentwood, New York. Buckland does more than collect artifacts of the Old Religion; he practices what he gathers and displays (i.e., he is a High Priest of a Witchcraft coven) and he sees many attractions which Witchcraft might hold for our modern times.

Buckland feels that the simplicity of the Old Religion would hold great appeal for the individual who has become "turned-off" by the pomp and ceremony of orthodox religion. The High Priest lists the "naturalness and obvious logic" of Witchcraft as another great feature which would attract new worshippers. And then there is the small size of the "congregation." A coven consists of no more than twelve members, the High Priest or High Priestess bringing the number up to the traditional thirteen.

"Witchcraft is very much a religion of participation," Buckland says. "Rather than being a spectator sitting in a pew at the back of a church, you are right there in the middle of things, participating."

Buckland explains that the coven meets within a circle which is only nine feet in diameter and has an

altar in the middle. "When a group meets together with the same people time after time, the coven comes to seem more like a single, large family rather than a religious worship circle. A wonderful bond of love and trust develops."

Buckland is currently engaged in the ambitious project of reprinting some of the ancient and important books on Witchcraft.

"To date," he told me recently, "we have only published *Arcadia, Gospel of the Witches* and *Witchcraft —The Religion*, but we have other books planned which will cover Black Magic, Ceremonial Magic, astrology, herbs, folklore, and so forth."

Bill Trent is a journalist who, writing in Toronto's *Weekend Magazine*, March 15, 1969, found that Witchcraft and Satanism belong to our present-tense world.

"Yes, there is black magic in Toronto. There are some evil people here. They sometimes do terrible things," the soft, feminine voice of white witch Joy Anne Parker told him.

"We have nothing to do with black magic. We believe in goodness among people. Witchcraft is a very ordinary thing. Yet it is a very beautiful thing."

Trent admitted that he was listening for strange sounds in the background as he spoke to Joy over the telephone. Somehow he had hoped to hear water bubbling in a cauldron or some weird, chanting voices. He was disappointed when the only sound he heard was Joy's husband complaining that dinner was getting cold.

The Ontario reporter also checked out Centennial College and the Free University of Toronto, which are both offering courses and seminars in Witchcraft, alchemy, and other facets of Occultism.

Although Frank Thayer, a lecturer in the occult course at Centennial, believes that most of the students

are attracted to Witchcraft simply for "kicks," he cautioned his students during one lecture by admonishing: "Don't fool around with black magic. You would be ill-advised to play around with these things."

Mark Niblett, who lectures in magic at the Free University, commented: "I'm afraid of black magic. I'm afraid of burning myself. You can cast spells with this magic. You can gain power over people. People can become mentally unhinged. They can become very uptight."

The prosecuting lawyer for Sir George Williams University in Montreal found out just how "uptight" people can become when they know about Black Magic spells after someone handed him a voodoo doll dressed in black legal robes, its heart pierced by a long, blood-stained needle.

Prosecutor Claude-Armand Sheppard was given the doll "under the guise of anthropological gift" by Philippe Filsailme, who was one of eighty-seven adults charged in connection with creating $2,000,000 in damage at the university in February, 1969. Filsailme, an unemployed photographer charged with conspiracy to commit arson on the campus, is a native of Port Au Prince, Haiti.

"It was presented to me as I stood outside the courtroom," lawyer Sheppard explained. "Having been to that country, I know exactly the kind of threat to my life this represents."

At the time of its presentation (March 11, 1969), attorney Sheppard was undecided whether or not he would press charges of "intending to threaten" against Filsailme. Judge McManamy pronounced, in pontifical understatement: "It's a very misplaced sense of humor."

At best, Satanists can never be accused of having any other than a macabre sense of humor. For the most part, the sincere Satanist, that is, he who truly worships the negative principle (Satan) rather than a

perverted sex drive, is deadly serious when he is angered enough to deliver a curse.

"What can you expect of people who perform blood sacrifices, desecrate churchyards, defile graveyards, and give all witches a bad name?" a perturbed young witch asked.

Witches have become quite respectable in Great Britain since that country repealed its last witchcraft law in 1951. English witches hold open conventions, lecture widely, write books, appear on television, and even call press conferences. In 1966, Mrs. Eleanor Bone, the High Priestess of a London coven, defeated Prime Minister Harold Wilson for honorary membership in Oxford University's prestigious Liberal Club.

Although witches in the United States tend to be a bit more reticent about declaring themselves publicly, the current interest in the supernatural, psychic phenomena, and the occult has encouraged an increasing number of them to step forward and be identified. In fact, a number of witches have begun to put out chatty, informal newsletters which feature items of interest to the many covens scattered across North America.

Witch Leslie distributes *The Laughing Cat* from Boston, Massachusetts. A recent issue contains tips on "How to Raise a Wind," information on "Old Haunted Clocks," and such "Witch Gossip" as the social note that witches Bill and Helen of the Grand Coven in Pasadena have moved to Kansas. And lest one chuckle at the notion of witches in Kansas, Joseph Wilson publishes the first and oldest American witch-newsletter, *The Waxing Moon*, from Topeka.

While witches employ twentieth century-Madison Avenue techniques to accelerate their growing respectability, Satanists receive press coverage for police-exposed nude orgies and blasphemous rituals which fea-

ture the defloration of teenaged girls. In many cases these covens have been organized in adolescent imitation of Satanic rituals and no older member or High Priest is present. Dancing in the nude, indiscriminate sexual coupling, and free use of drugs are all very much a part of these teenaged, turned-on Satanists.

According to authorities in Great Britain, at least three recent major juvenile crimes, involving grisly, sadistic murders, have been committed by young Satanists from the perverted covens springing up throughout the British Isles.

In January of 1969, the county sheriff in a Midwestern state arrested a woman for holding a Black Sabbat in a deserted farmhouse. Five men were also jailed for having held ritual intercourse with a sixteen-year-old girl.

In a special issue on contemporary Witchcraft (October, 1968), *Beyond* magazine reported on the underground magic clubs which have been growing in rapidly increasing numbers to satisfy the sensual appetites of Sweden's young swinging set. It will come as no surprise to learn that, in many cases, older Satanists have established these up-dated covens as a means of luring "new blood" into their devilish circles.

It is little secret that a good number of the older generation are dismayed by the current youth revolution only because they are too old to be a part of it. What better way to "get a little of the action" than by opening one's esoteric doors to the muscular youths and shapely blondes whom one sees cavorting on the sunny beaches?

The rituals of Satanism demand complete nudity, so the sight of lusty youths minus mini-skirts and trousers serves as a powerful visual aphrodisiac to the jaded older practitioners of the craft. Hashish, barbiturates,

and enormous varieties of alcohol laced with "love potions" are liberally distributed to the neophyte Satanists in an effort to insure their pliability when the lights are doused for group sex rites.

In a Sabbat which the *Beyond* correspondent claimed to have witnessed in Stockholm, the emphasis of the rites was on the restoration of peace and love for one's fellow man. After the High Priest had delivered a sermon on the virtues of peace, he, masked and attired in the robes of a Christian bishop, roundly attacked United States policy in Viet Nam. Then, intoning words from the conventional burial service ("Naked I came into the world and naked shall I leave it"), the High Priest bade everyone in the room to disrobe in order that they might conduct a special Black Mass for their brethren in Asia.

Acolytes dressed in flowing white robes stood at either side of the "living altar"—in this case, a lovely, naked girl. At a crucial point in the Mass, which the High Priest termed the "Sacrifice of the Virgin," the blonde stood up to offer an unobstructed view of her nudity to the appreciative coven. The High Priest turned with a sharp command; the young woman knelt at his feet and begged him to sacrifice her virginity as a tribute to the tortured and tormented people of Viet Nam.

Her beseechment was met by a loud chorus of sacred music, which was, bizarrely enough, a hymn widely sung in the Lutheran Church. At the conclusion of the singing, the High Priest crashed his cymbals and the two acolytes prepared the girl for her hymeneal offering by smearing her body with a pungent smelling ointment and by covering her face with a white cloth.

At a second clash of the High Priest's cymbals, a handsome, naked young man with a Satan-style mustache and goatee ran up the altar and positioned him-

self above the blonde. While harps, flutes, and assorted string instruments played soft music, the young man took the girl's virginity in ritual intercourse.

Then, according to *Beyond*: "The task [rupture of the hymen] completed, an older woman with long gray hair hanging loose and her plump body covered with weird symbols in black and yellow paint, took the white cloth to the congregation which immediately began to sing what sounded like a triumphant anthem.

"Immediately afterwards, the girl stood up to display her ravaged body and then knelt before the priest asking him to punish her. This he did with a leather scourge, flaying her so unmercifully that she collapsed at his feet screaming for mercy."

In the interests of fair play, I must here acknowledge the existence of at least one other kind of Satanism, a form of satanic worship which does not involve perverted sex and distasteful rituals. It is a brand of Satanism, which, to me, seems more closely akin to Witchcraft, as we have defined it in this chapter, than it does to the type of Satanism which is being practiced throughout the Western world. So far as I know, the branch of Satanism which we shall next examine, has as its chief spokesman Dr. H. Sloane of Toledo, Ohio.

Dr. Sloane is the Covenator of Our Lady of Endor Coven of the Ophite Cultus of Sathanas. He has pursued a study of the theology of Sathanas for over fifty-nine years and has been a priest of the coven for over thirty-seven years. My first contact with Dr. Sloane came in the form of a "warm little note" decorated with the bright red form of a smiling, round-faced, rather cherubic looking mini-devil. Dr. Sloane's letter was a friendly, but firm, inquiry regarding a chapter in my *Sex and the Supernatural.*

"When you write of Satanism . . . are you not referring to a *perverted* form of Satanism?" Dr. Sloane asked. He then acknowledged that the form of Satanism with which I had dealt did, in truth, exist, but, he advised me, it was not the kind of Satanism which he knew and followed.

The Satanist closed with the common words of departing witches, "Blessed be," and made the image of a red pitchfork after his signature. Since the general tone of the letter was one of sincere friendliness, I inferred that the pitchfork was not intended to direct any malevolent forces in my direction. I returned Dr. Sloane's kind letter with an invitation to supply me with more data concerning his brand of Satanism.

His reply came by return mail. According to Dr. Sloane, he had been a witch since Lord Sathan appeared to him when he was but a three-year-old farmboy.

"Sex is *not* a rite or a ritual of our Coven," he stressed. "Since Lord Sathan appeared to me and granted me an inner awareness of *belonging*, it follows that I 'got religion' long ere I 'got sex.' But since we are on sex, I do *know* the truths of your book, *Sex and the Supernatural.*"

For my edification and enlightenment, Dr. Sloane sent along a number of questions and answers regarding the precepts of the Ophite Cultus of Sathanas. I am certain that both the serious student of the Occult and the curious reader will find the following valuable and informational.

What is Satanism?

Satanism is the position opposed to the worship of the force that brought the Cosmos into existence as mind and matter out of the realm of pure spirit.

Do Satanists worship Satan?

No, not as such, because the word, "Satan," does *not*

specify a being, but rather a movement or a state of mind. What Satanists do worship is a Spirit Being commonly known as Sathan in English and Sathanas in Latin.

Do Satanists believe Sathan is the Supreme God?

No, they believe Him to be the messenger of God in that He brought to Eve the *knowledge* of God. Satanists believe that there is *the* God above and beyond the "god" that created the Cosmos.

Do Satanists worship the Godhead?

No, not in the sense of prayer or supplication, because they believe that God takes no part in the affairs of the world and is concerned with Himself—a part of Him being the spirit (not here to be confused with the psyche) imprisoned in matter and the returning of this part of Him unto Him. He does this work through the *call* or, as more commonly termed, the Gnosis. This was carried by Sathan to Eve at the foundation of the world. But in the deepest mystical sense, all Satanists reverence God both as the Godhead and as the element (spirit), which is incarnate in *all* flesh—man and beast, bird and fish, reptile and insect.

Are witches and Satanists then one and the same people?

Properly speaking, yes; but in common parlance, no not always. The words *Wicca* and *Gnosis* are oft confusing and separated: the former meaning wisdom and the latter, knowledge. . . . It is the position of the *true* Satanist to oft suppose that many witches have fallen into error by worshipping a fertility god . . . The largest existing body of witches who are true Satanists would be the Yezidees of the near east. [Dr. Sloane further identified the Yezidees as a cult which worshipped Sathan under the name of *Melik Taos.*

Among the Yezidees, Sathan is personified as a peacock, rather than a horned god.]

Is Satanism an old religion?

The oldest! The one and only that by doctrine lays claim to having its origin in the Garden of Eden. The oldest by the finding of science of archaeology, which has discovered drawings of the Horned God (Sathan) in caves of Europe going back into prehistoric times.

Do Satanists believe their faith to be the only true religion?

Yes, insofar as revealed religion to mortals can be concerned, but in an absolute sense, this cannot be said. . . . Satanists cannot psychoanalyze the Godhead . . . they cannot know what constitutes *all* of the Godhead's plans to return His parts unto Himself. To this we Satanists can do little more than say: No other way of salvation is open to us, for none such has been revealed or rationalized.

Do Satanists parody Creator worship rites?

While many non-Satanist writings so accuse, the Satanist would be more inclined to think, if anything, the picture should be reversed, because Cain celebrated the *first* Satanic Mass, and the findings of science point first to worship of the Horned God. In the final sense it matters neither one way or the other to the Satanist, because he is not worshipping the same Beings as are the creator-worshippers. . . .

Is there an earthly head of the Satanist faith?

No, not in the sense that there is a Pope in Catholic Christiandom, for example. . . . No man is individually responsible for the founding of the Cult of Sathan, and this alone shows the total lack of need for an earthly headman to carry on His work of salvation.

Who is the Satanist priesthood?

Liberally speaking, the Satanic priesthood could be compared with the Protestant concept of the "univer-

sal priesthood of all believers." Any lone Satanist can celebrate a valid Mass if the occasion arises, and in times too myriad for calculation, such occasions have arisen. In the case of established Covens, an ordained priest performs the office of the liturgy.

Do Satanists hold a position on birth control?

No. Birth control as we know it in present civilization is but a mere flux in the psyches of mortals, and is of no final importance in the End of Time and the Endurance of Eternity. To be in style or out, if one chooses, is purely the privilege of each individual Satanist.

Is a Satanist permitted a divorce?

Certainly. But equally true is the fact that Satanists may marry under any number of arrangements: for so many moons, until cancellation is the objective of one or both marriage partners, until death parts them. Satanist marriages are different, too, in that the Satanist may marry a spirit being, some other species of animal life, or even a tree or plant.

Are there Satanist saints?

No, not in the sense that Christiandom and other creator-worshipping cults have saints. People such as Eve and Cain, who were the early Satanists, are, of course, held in the highest esteem.

Are there Satanist missionaries?

Yes, but their labor is only to assist those who have *already*, in one way or another, been called into a *desire* for the path of Satanism. A Satanist never sets out solely to seek converts.

Is psychism a part of Satanism?

Psychism, as understood by the present institutes researching in that field, is *not* an element of Satanism as a religion. While it is accepted that Our Lady (the Witch) of Endor was a medium in the same way that mediums are among us today and that we can

totally rest assured that she, too, was a Satanist, we would only be confusing issues to assume that she had to be a spirit medium in order to be a fully bona fide Satanist.

What is the essence of Satanism?

The realization that the universe is negative to man, incarnate life. The realization that there is a *good* above and beyond anything that moral mind has conceived.

Now that we have given Dr. Sloane's Devil his due, the reader may see that the brand of Satanism as espoused by the Ophite Cultus of Sathanas is decidedly different from the Satanism with which this present book shall be concerned. The Cult of Sathan emphasizes philosophy, rather than perversion, and concerns itself with metaphysics, rather than Black Masses of copulating nudes.

Dr. Sloane invited me to a Sabbat, which limitations of time and distance prevented me from attending. The very invitation to an "outsider" is, of course, significant in that it implies that the Sathanists have nothing to hide. According to Dr. Sloane, the fellowship on that evening would feature a young witch, who was a captain in the U.S. Air Force, stationed at one of our nation's largest air bases, who would lecture on, "Divination—Its History, Theory, and Practice."

Dr. Sloane was, however, quick to agree that a "perverted form of Satanism" did most certainly exist—a Satanism abhorred by *true* Satanists and by all sincere witches. It is that perverse secret society and its emphasis on sexual magic and obscene rites that this present book shall dissect and examine for what it really is.

Although we shall soon begin a tracing of Satanism's

historical antecedents, I should like to close this introductory chapter with a cogent illustration of contemporary Black Magič cultism.

Americans have always been highly susceptible to a British accent and a bit of Mother Country charm and sophistication. When these snob-appeal attributes are incorporated into a lithe, long-legged, bosomy beauty, it goes without saying that the young woman can have her pick of any number of eager suitors. Unfortunately, lovely Mary Nolan, a stunning nineteen-year-old bundle from Britain, chose to rent out her choice assortment of charms for thirty dollars an hour.

When Manhattan vice detectives arrested the voluptuous call girl, they found a grim collection of whips, torture devices, and Satanic symbols in her purse and bags. In answer to the officers' questions, Mary blandly told them that she carried the whip for protection. The detectives assumed that the perverse paraphenalia was designed to cater to the off-beat tastes of certain of Mary's clientele, but that was before they learned the full truth about the character of the beautiful prostitute.

When Mary came up for trial, a dour and dignified Mr. Henry Bowen arrived from England with the claim that the accused call girl was his wife. Middle-aged, heavy-set, with long sideburns to compensate for his thinning hair, Bowen established himself as a legitimate British businessman who dealt in antiques. He fulminated against the sordid accusations which had been set against his young wife.

Somehow, as the case progressed through legal channels, the charges against the soft and curvy Mary Nolan dissolved like a sugar cube in a rain storm. Within a short time, "Mrs. Bowen" was back in London helping her husband dust off his antiques.

The strange couple would soon have been embraced

once more by the comforting arms of obscurity if, soon after their return to England, Henry had not felt somehow compelled to make a public confession of his involvement with Satanist circles in London. Bowen's motive for exposing himself in this manner remains unknown. Perhaps it was his method of masochistically inflicting punishment on himself for his own lurid personal excesses. At any rate, the antique dealer saw fit to reveal his secret self in the pages of a mass circulation newspaper in London.

According to Bowen he had been a Royal Air Force officer at the end of the Second World War. It was during his mustering-out that he had become acquainted with a beautiful redhead who identified herself as a High Priestess of a cult of Devil worshippers. As a lusty young man, Henry Bowen was less interested in the woman's metaphysics than he was in her obvious physical attributes. She claimed to be her coven's "Goddess of Desire," and Bowen saw no reason to dispute such a title. Sisera, the High Priestess, had a body that could get a rise out of the dark statue of Satan which dominated the Black Sabbats held in coven members' apartments.

For sensation-seeking readers, Bowen described how he was initiated into the cult and became a "slave of Satan."

His clothes were ripped from him and flung into a corner. He stood facing Sisera, who had begun to remove her own clothing. Three large wooden trays were placed between Bowen and the Goddess of Desire. On the first platter was the head of a freshly killed ewe. The animal's viscera were piled on the other two trays. At a signal from the High Priest, Bown and Sisera performed an act of ritual intercourse on the platters of bloody intestines.

"And that was just the start of the ceremony,"

Bowen told his readers. At the completion of the ritual intercourse on the grisly trays of viscera, the other members of the cult slipped off their black robes and performed "the most outrageous expressions of lewdness it is possible to imagine."

Bowen was urged to perform sexual intercourse with as many of the coven's females as he could manage. By dawn, the dazed ex-R.A.F. officer learned that his initiation was not yet complete. He was blindfolded and his hands and feet were bound. While he knelt in a state of bewildered stupefaction, he was branded with the cult sign of an arrow, a mark which he would wear to his grave.

After his exhaustive and painful initiation, Bowen confessed that he became a full and active participant in the Black Mass gatherings of several Satanist covens scattered throughout the British Isles.

"These Black Sabbats were little more than excuses for sexual orgies involving men and women, preferably young women," Bowen admitted. Whenever the various covens were lucky enough to secure a virgin for ritual hymeneal sacrifice, the young woman would be made to perform lascivious ceremonies of sexual perversion on black velvet altars. It would be a part of the virgin's initiation to allow all male members to have a part in the sacrifice of her maidenhead.

Bowen confessed how he had once lured a beautiful London dancer to a Black Magic ceremony. The lovely, innocent performer looked on in revulsion as a naked girl submitted to ritual possession of her virginity atop Satan's black altar. Bowen under the full control of the sexually obsessed coven, only laughed at his companion's discomfort and horror.

On another occasion, a male coven member went completely insane while participating in an unspeak-

able act at the side of a desecrated grave. Rites performed beside graves secretly and unlawfully opened at midnight filled Bowen and the other coven members with the added thrill that they were engaging in acts considered most loathsome and foul in the minds of all decent folk.

But, Bowen confesses, "As a fully fledged member of this circle, I had surrendered myself body and soul to the worship of evil. I reveled in the wildest orgies and rituals, attended by men and women equally as depraved as I!"

Bowen fully admitted enjoying every form of debauchery and licentiousness that the coven handed out, until a particularly depraved and loathsome ritual performed on an Orkney hillside brought him back to his senses. "It was a human sacrifice," Bowen said, "and it was so vile as to be indescribable."

The ritual was held on a night deemed special in Satan's calendar, and a beautiful young girl had been offered by her own parents to serve as the sacrificial innocent. The lovely teenager was led to a lonely hillside, stripped naked, and bound with her limbs spread-eagled to an old tree.

"A few yards away," Bowen recalled, "was a specially trained ram, straining at a rope."

The girl writhed against her bonds, the moonlight shadowing the curves of her voluptuous body. The ghostly hooded spectators on the hillside waited in excitement until the hour of climax. Then, when the moon had reached its height, a tall figure in a white robe stepped forward and released the maddened ram with a quick knife slash at the rope.

"There was a scream. Then deadly silence. And the girl's blood flowed into the heather."

For this ritual, instead of the High Priest or male members of the coven claiming the girl's virginity in

ritual intercourse, the vigorous ram performed the sacrifice in an act of disgusting bestiality. To the Satanists, it was as if the Horned God had truly materialized in order to copulate with the beautiful young virgin which had been offered to him in propitiation.

Although Bowen had thoroughly enjoyed the release of the Satanist's group-sex orgies, he found himself completely revolted by the cruel and painful debasement of the young girl. In his own words, he gagged and ran from the scene "like a thief in the night."

Because of his decision to sever all ties with the Satanists, Bowen claimed that he had been threatened with death by other members of the perverse cult. The Devil worshippers had also done their evil best to confuse his personal life, according to Bowen. A young woman who had worked for him for many years in his antique shop, a young woman whom he regarded as a daughter, suddenly turned against him. Bowen insisted that Black Magic forces were responsible for the young woman's unexpected disloyalty.

Even more eerie and frightening were the messages which Bowen received, warning him that he belonged to Satan forever. One such message came wrapped around the ring which had been on the finger of Bowen's great-grandfather when the old man was buried.

A call girl-wife who carries whips, instruments of torture and Satanic symbols in her handbag . . . a former R.A.F. officer-antique dealer who took intense pleasure in the revels of an obscene, sadistic, and perverse coven of Satanists . . . a Black Magic underground, a Satanic secret society that stretches across Europe, the British Isles, and into the United States. Such ingredients stagger the reach of the modern imagination. Unfortunately, they belong to, and are very much a part of, the world of reality. Satanism simply

will not be relegated to the horror movie or weird fantasy novel where contemporary man wishes it would stay.

Satanism is real, and it is now!

CHAPTER TWO

THE MIDDLE AGES: A TIME OF SEXUAL DESPAIR AND DEVILDOM

From an analysis of its dogmas and decrees it appears that sexual issues arose to dominate the Church's thinking to an extent which we should hold to be completely pathological. The Christian sexual code was comprised of innumerable regulations, but its basic law was that the act of sexual intercourse was to be performed as seldom as possible and then only as often as was necessary to keep the race of *Homo sapiens* from total extinction.

Stern-faced Church authorities encouraged their flocks to avoid cohabitation completely, even if married. For the weaker brethren, who had fallen thrall to their glandular responses, a briar patch of Church codes drummed themselves into the subconscious and did their best to fan the internal fires of guilt and confusion.

It was not really the sex act itself which so dismayed Mother Church. Rather, it was the pleasure that might be derived from it. Joyless sex for the sole purpose of procreation could be tolerated, but warm-blooded, lusty enjoyment of another's flesh (or even one's own flesh) was damnable, even if experienced during permissable procreative intercourse.

The epitome of this somber approach to sex was, in the opinion of several scholars, the *chemise cagoule*, a heavy nightshirt with an appropriately placed hole,

which, when worn by a woman, permitted her husband to impregnate her without being able to touch any other part of her body. In this manner, any skin-to-skin contact was eliminated and the possibilities of any pleasure being derived from the carnal episode would be greatly diminished.

In the eyes of the Church there was no love, only desire. To desire a member of the opposite sex, even though no actual physical possession took place, was inherently sinful. Marriage, as we have already noted, provided no sanctuary for unrestrained coitus. To love, or desire, one's lawful marriage partner was fully as sinful as yearning for a buxom lass in the marketplace. One of the Church's defenders stated that if a man loved his wife too passionately, he had committed a sin worse than adultery.

In his excellent *Sex in History,* G. Rattray Taylor has summarized the strict system of Church morality as it was set forward in a series of "penitential books" which set forth to explore the subject of sex in the great possible detail. Every imaginable misdeed and every conceivable misdemeanor is discussed and analyzed at great length and appropriate penalties are set forth for each sexual misstep.

Taylor tells us that the basic code of the Church was comprised of three main propositions: 1) All who could were urged to accept the ideal of complete celibacy, i.e., "virginity is better than marriage"; 2) An absolute ban was placed on all forms of sexual expression other than coitus between married persons, and prohibitions were drawn up to thwart an exhaustive list of sexual activity, the violation of which resulted in terrible penitential acts; 3) The days per annum upon which even married couples might consummate the sex act were cut down.

The penitential books developed the extraordinarily

mystical concept that all virgins were the brides of Christ. Therefore, any knave who seduced a virgin was not only committing fornication, but, at the same time, the more serious sexual crime of adultery. Christ was cast into the role of the indignant and outraged husband, and Mother Church, as his earthly representative, was thereby empowered to exact the terrible penance which the angered deity demanded. The violated virgin, unless she had been forcibly raped, was also held to be in mortal sin, for she had committed adultery with her husband, Christ our Lord.

It follows almost without the telling that if chastity were honored as the Church's sexual ideal, the virtuous wife was the one who would deny herself to her husband. Although the Church smiled beneficiently on these "sister" wives, the clergy condemned the poor husbands whom they had driven to vice as a consequence of the celibate ideal.

It was not only the sexual act for which the penitentials prescribed prohibitions and penance. Kissing, fondling, attempting to fornicate, and even *thinking* of fornicating brought down severe penalties. Dreams were held equally suspect, and if a young man should experience an involuntary nocturnal emission, he must jump out of bed at once and sing seven penitential psalms, and an additional thirty in the morning before breakfast!

Masturbation was the "sin" upon which the Church prescribed the greatest number of penalties. G. Rattray Taylor tells us that in the five comparatively brief Medieval penitential codes, there are twenty-two paragraphs dealing with various types of sodomy and bestiality, but there are twenty-five paragraphs dealing with masturbation on the part of laymen and several additional paragraphs dealing separately with self-abuse on the part of the clergy. St. Thomas Acquinas had

declared that masturbation was a greater sin than fornication.

Taylor writes that the Church's obsession with masturbation is particularly significant, for modern psychiatric research has indicated that the belief that sexual pleasure is sinful springs "primarily from parental taboos on infantile masturbation; the fact that punishment is given when the child is too young to understand its significance, and when masturbation is the only means by which he can afford himself pleasure by his own unaided efforts, results in a fear of pleasure becoming embedded in the unconscious, and being generalized until it becomes a fear of pleasure in all its forms."

The sex act itself, when it was permitted to be performed (i.e. for procreation), was strictly regulated and controlled. No position other than the "missionary position," man directly atop the woman was permitted. The "canine position," the man penetrating his mate's vagina from the rear, was regarded with the greatest amount of horror because it was thought to afford the greatest amount of pleasure. Confessors were specifically directed to ask about such marital "bestiality," and if a sorry couple were to admit to having accomplished sexual intercourse in the canine position, they were made to do penance for seven years.

When the Church proclaimed coitus illegal on Sundays, Wednesday, and Fridays, it effectively removed the equivalent of five months of the year from the possible taint of sexual pleasure. Mother Church's next move was to enforce sexual abstinence for forty days before Easter and forty days before Christmas. Clerical decree had now removed the equivalent of nearly eight months from medieval man's coital calendar.

It further more seemed advisable to the clergy that sexual intercourse be prohibited for three days prior

to receiving communion—and regular communion attendance was required. From the remaining four months available for permissible sexual intercourse, the new edict could remove the equivalent of at least another month. Then, of course, coitus was forbidden from the time of conception to forty days after parturition and anytime during any clerically levied penance.

The frustrated populace were left with the equivalent of about two months of the year during which they might, for the purpose of procreation alone and without invoking any sensations of pleasure, engage in sexual connection. If a child had been born to them and had been delivered at a particular time of the year which would fit in a certain manner in the Church calendar, the anxious parents might be prevented by their faith from having intercourse for a year or more.

Taylor says that it would be giving false impression to suggest that the Church decreed these stern codes with the ruthless detachment of a Russian commissar, ". . . Rather is it the case that they [the church] were thrown together in a passion of despairing guilt. The picture we get is of a number of individual figures . . . tormented by the virtual certainty of damnation for all who so much as thought of sexual pleasure, desperately striving to build dams against the rising tide of sensuality, in a frantic attempt to save people from the results of their own folly. Never mind the justifications, never mind the cruelty and injustice, if only this frightful disaster can be prevented."

It was, according to Taylor, in a spirit of desperation to save the souls of weaker brethren that the Church passed such ruthless codes of personal behavior and repeatedly distorted and falsified the pronouncement of Biblical texts in order to obtain justification for its laws. Such an extreme asceticism was certainly not preached by Christ and such a sexual code is supported

by neither the Old nor New testaments. Even the slightly misogynistic St. Paul, on whose teachings so much of the strict Church code was built, did not go as far in discountenancing sexual expression as did the clergy of the Middle Ages.

It would, perhaps, be fruitful to note the passages which did so much to make the Middle Ages a time of sexual despair and devildom:

(I *Corinthians*, Chapter Seven) *V:1.* "Now concerning the things whereof ye wrote unto me: It is good for a man not to touch a woman. *V:2.* Nevertheless, to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband. . . . *V:7.* For I would that all men were even as I myself. But every man hath his proper gift of God. . . . *V:8.* I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they abide as I. *V:9.* But if they cannot contain, let them marry: for it is better to marry than to burn. . . . *V:25.* Now concerning virgins I have no commandment of the Lord: yet I give my judgment, as one that hath obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful. . . . *V:28* . . . If thou marry, thou hast not sinned; and if a virgin marry, she hath not sinned. . . ."

Clearly, St. Paul *does* believe in the desirability of sexual continence. Certain modern theorists have attempted to psychoanalyze the epistle writer with the purpose of revealing alleged sexual inadequacies of his own that might have prompted such an answer to the congregation at Corinth. A point which such long-distance psychoanalysts might miss is that St. Paul may have discouraged marriage and sexual union because he, as did all of the early Christian community, believed that the Second Coming of Christ was eminent and would occur during the lifetimes of his disciples and apostles. With Judgment Day so near in the offing, it did not seem reasonable to concern one's self with

matters of the flesh. Nevertheless, St. Paul is tolerant of those who do not have his gift of continence, and he specifically assures them that it is not sinful to marry.

Although St. Paul seems often to be fiercely dogmatic in his pronouncements, it is of great importance to note that in this instance he freely admits that he is giving only his own opinion (judgment) and not a "commandment of the Lord." Yet it was this "opinion" of the epistle writer which the Church held as its authority for its stringent taboos on personal sexual activity. It became a church maxim that "pious frauds" were justifiable and even praiseworthy if they had been perpetrated in the interest of protecting the populace from indulging in the sin of sexual pleasure.

Certainly it is becoming clear to the reader how the Middle Ages was a time of intolerable sexual frustration and sexual obsession. The very soil which the Church was tilling in a violent effort to keep out the weeds of sin was being inadvertently transformed into the kind of ground that would offer the most fertile area for the tangled undergrowth of violent sexual explosion. The seeds of the Old Religion, which had lain dormant but had never died, were being provided with the fertilizer of sexual frustration, and the enforced sexual repression of the populace by Church and State were engendering a suitably warm climate which would encourage rapid growth. The hybrid seeds of Satanism were most welcome to the festering soil of the Middle Ages.

To add to the sexual agony of the common people, the Church became increasingly obsessed with the fear of incest. The ban on marriage of relatives was extended to second and third cousins, but the laws did not stop there. The horror of sympathetic contagion had become so strong and so firmly entrenched in the collective unconscious of the clergy, that godmothers

and godfathers were included in the ban. Soon the incest code was extended to include all the relatives of the priest who had baptized or confirmed a person. The ban was finally stretched so much that even two people who had stood as sponsors to the same child might not be allowed to marry each other.

It is easy to see what such a rigorous incest ban would do to the marital prospects for any young person who lived in a small village. To add to the limitations, some communities and some entire provinces had local customs which forbade the marriage of younger siblings until the eldest child had been married. If one had been blighted by having an ugly elder sister, one could plan on a life of lonely celibacy. Or, in the case of two brothers, their family, because of the incest ban, might be permitted to select mates from only one or two other families in the village. If there were only one eligible female available, older brother got her and younger brother resignedly devoted himself to tilling the soil.

Readers from our mobile and transient society are wondering why the younger brother did not hie himself over to a neighboring village. Such a maneuver seems not only prudent, but easily accomplished by our contemporary mores ease of motion. However, politics and economics prevented our young man in the Middle Ages from going courting outside of his own village. The young laborer "belonged" where the family resided, and since a wife constituted "family," to marry a young woman was to stay in her village. No baron was about to allow his young men to become the serfs of rival lord through marriage. "Who treads my hen becomes my cock," was the dictum of the Feudal lord.

Here, then, was the Medieval Human Condition: villages filled with lusty young men and women strictly forbidden under threat of penance to even think about

each other. The sanctioned state of Holy Matrimony was open to only a very few. Sexual intercourse within marriage was permissible only for purposes of regeneration and only on a few days of the year.

One can readily see how appealing the tales of the old ways, the old customs, and the Old Religion with its emphasis on fertility and communal sex rites were to the young as they listened in fevered rapture to the old men and women recalling the booming voice of Pan commanding everyone present to "mix" their bodies and join their loins. How appealing then would be the bodies of women past the age of child-bearing who often served as "living altars" for the young and inexperienced bachelors.

The terrible sexual repressions of the Church placed special emphasis on woman as the source of all fleshly evil. In the Dark Ages, woman had been largely regarded as property; now, in the Medieval period, she was held responsible for all sexual guilt. It was woman who had precipitated the Fall by tempting man, who would otherwise surely have remained pure. The mere presence of woman was liable to attract evil.

St. Chrysostom of Constantinople, who was decidedly more tolerant than his clerical descendents of the Middle Ages would be, declared that women were a "necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill." Chrysostom wrote in the fifth century; but by the Middle Ages, Sprenger and Kramer set forth guidelines regarding the nature of women in their infamous witch-hunter's manual, *Malleus Maleficarum* ("a hammer with which to strike witches"):

A woman is beautiful to look upon, contaminating to the touch, and deadly to keep . . . a foe to friendship . . . a necessary evil, a natural temptation . . .

a domestic danger . . . an evil of nature painted with fair colors . . . a liar by nature . . . [she] seethes with anger and impatience in her whole soul . . . Since [women] are feeble both in mind and body, it is not surprising that they should come under the spell of witchcraft [more than men would succumb.] . . . A woman is more carnal than a man. . . . All witchcraft comes from carnal lust, which is in women insatiable.

[Witches] satisfy their filthy lusts not only in themselves, but even in the mighty ones of the age, of whatever sort and condition, causing by all sorts of witchcraft the death of their souls through the excessive infatuation of carnal love.

Lest the reader should object that the *Malleus Maleficarum* referred specifically to witches, not to "good" women, a moment's reflection should enable him to perceive how "woman" and "witch" might become largely synonymous in the Middle Ages and even into the so-called enlightenment of the Renaissance. St. Augustine had declared that mankind had been sent to destruction through one woman (Eve) and had had salvation restored to him through another woman (Mary). But, as many writers have since commented, woman had, to the Medieval and Renaissance man, become almost completely dualistic. As Morton Hunt observes in his *The Natural History of Love*: "She was not Woman—she was either Lady or Witch, Blessed Virgin or Sinful Eve, object of adoration or vessel of abominable lust." Hunt also points up the incongruity of the "golden Renaissance" during which time ". . . the burning of witches was never more prevalent than at the very time when woman was being glorified by Botticelli, Giorgione, and Titian."

Women were offered equal roles in the early days

of Christianity. The early Church Fathers permitted women to preach, cure, exorcise, and to baptize. By the Middle Ages, woman had lost all vestige of any legal rights whatsoever.

The penitential books seem suffused by a neurotic obsession with sex. The Church reformers express a horror and a hatred of sex that seems to belie a fascination with the temptations and delights of the flesh. The works of the Christian ascetics literally ooze with the sensual agony of the devout men who sought to banish desire from their bodies by scourging and fasting.

The ascetic in his cell denies himself even the sublimation of libido through painting, singing, dancing, or any kind of artistic expression. He is left alone with the inevitable result of his repression—a total obsession with the very thoughts that he seeks to avoid. He finds sexual overtones in every speech, every action of his fellowman. He is like a man lying in a bed of poison ivy who has been told not to itch. He is the man feasting on salt who is denied water. He has entered his retreat to rid himself of sexual desire and to scour his brain free of sexual thoughts. But all he thinks about is sex—hillocks of breasts, pillars of thighs, a valley of *mons Veneris*, a meadow of pubic hair. At night nubile demons come to torment him in the shape of lusty, naked women. Sleek succubi rub their private parts against his own, their evil, clutching fingers reaching eagerly for the erection which he tries furtively to conceal beneath his penitential rags.

"And it was just these men, restless, unhappy, obsessed, driven by the energies of their bottled-up libidos, who were apt to attain positions of power in the Church and stamp it with their character," writes G. Rattray Taylor in *Sex in History*. ". . . The question which arises, then, is whether a policy of sexual re-

pression, imposed by obsessives, is really the policy best adapted to regulate sexual instincts."

Taylor reminds us that the question is hardly an academic one, for there are those in contemporary society who favor the use of repressive methods to impose their sexual ideals on the average man. The Middle Ages, Taylor points out, provides us with a unique opportunity to observe such a universal policy of repression in action in "a chemically pure form."

For our purposes, however, we must remember that it was this "chemically pure form" of sexual repression which provided the fresh fuel for the smoldering sparks of the Old Religion and permitted it to burst forth in a terrible conflagration which consumed hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of innocents in the flames of the Inquisition. To the Church, the devils solidified into One, Satan, enemy of Christ's work here on earth. To the people, who could not really care about the philosophical dualism of an evil adversary for the Christ of the Lords and the Church, the Old Religion offered release from oppression and unrelenting drudgery.

The Church and the Feudal Establishment would soon move to combat the "evil" influence of the resurrected Pan, god of fertility, Nature, and freedom. The Church scholars would soon consult the ancient manuscripts to determine how best to deal with the formidable adversary who had returned to add hideous torment to the vale of tears which was the Middle Ages. The Feudal Lords would soon lose all patience with the rebellious serfs and set about to slay them as methodically as a farmer sets out to remove noxious weeds from his fields of grain.

In *The History of Magic,* Kurt Seligmann offers what seems to be an astute analysis of the situation:

"With the devil's establishment of his power, the ancient survivals, the amusements of serfs, the most

innocent stories, were henceforth Satanic, and the women who knew about the old legends and magic traditions were transformed into witches. . . . The traditional gatherings, the Druid's Festival on the eve of May day, the Bacchanals, the Diana feasts, became the witches' sabbath . . . the broom, symbol of the sacred hearth . . . became an evil tool. The sexual rites of old, destined to stimulate the fertility of nature, were now the manifestations of a forbidden carnal lust. Mating at random, a survival of communal customs . . . now [were] an infringement of the most sacred laws."

The serf felt quite differently about the old traditions which he had revived. Their Lords had conditioned him not to feel jealousy if either they or their knights and footsoldiers should desire a woman for an evening's romp. The noblemen had long considered the villages as large, informal harems, and no serf's wife or daughter would be immune if his lordship or one of his henchmen should have need of her. Now, the peasant protested, he was being threatened with wheel, rack, and flame for freely sharing his wife or daughter with those whom he considered his equals.

"[The peasant] had the same feeling about this as the primitives of the South Sea Islands do, or did," Seligmann writes. "It was not a perversion, but a primitive and innocent custom. At the sabbath he [the peasant] was free to do as he pleased. He was feared also; and in his lifelong oppression, this gave him some dignity, some sense of freedom."

It was in his enjoyment of the excitement and vigor of the Old Religion that the peasant could allow himself the luxury of experiencing *pleasure* without the interference of Mother Church, which sought to control and repress even human emotions.

"If this is Satanic," the peasant must have thought

as he clasped his arms around the naked, undulating hips of the young maid with whom he had just danced the Witches' Round, "then I shall cling to Satan!"

CHAPTER THREE

BLACK SABBAT RITUALS

Answer us, O Ancient Horned One.
Provender and Power are Thine.
Hear and answer, Gracious Goddess,
Grant us laughter, wit, and wine.
Descend on us, O Thou of Blessings,
Come among us, make us glad.
Since Thou art Chief of our Creation,
Why, O Why, should we be sad?
Beam on us, O joyous Bacchus,
Banish heavy-hearted hate.
Accept our Craft, O Greatest Mother,
Let cheerful brightness be our fate.
So may it be.

(From a 12th-century document of unknown origin.)

When Anton Szandor La Vey, High Priest of the Satanic Church of America, joined socialite Judith Case and free lance writer John Raymond in the bonds of unholy matrimony, he performed the rites over the naked body of Lois Murgenstrumm, who served as the living altar.

Later, when La Vey explained the ritual significance of the lovely redhead to attendant reporters, he remarked: "An altar shouldn't be a cold, unyielding slab of sterile stone or wood. It should be a symbol of enthusiastic lust and indulgence."

Even the most objective of the newsmen had to admit that the curvaceous topless and bottomless living altar served admirably as a symbol of enthusiastic sexual pleasure.

All in all, it was indeed quite a wedding for the first public marriage ceremony ever held in the United States by a devil-worshipping cult. The bride shunned the traditional white gown to appear in a bright red dress. The groom wore a black turtleneck sweater and complementary coat. The Satanic High Priest stole the show, however, in a black cape lined with scarlet silk and a close-fitting blood-red hood from which two white horns protruded.

The cynical might point out that La Vey's San Francisco-based church headquarters was once a brothel; the purists among the Satanists might grumble about how La Vey's show-biz approach has demeaned the esoteric allure of their secret rituals; but as we shall see in this chapter, it is very difficult to be very dogmatic about the precise rites and liturgies of the Black Mass.

The Satanic Sabbat seems to be a very flexible observance, and it appears very much to reflect the flavor of both the current zeitgeist and the personalities of individual High Priests and individual covens. It will be our task in this chapter to examine what the Black Sabbat was in earlier times and what it is today. I think that we shall conclude that Anton La Vey has every right to perform his Satanic ceremonies in his own manner without fear of ecclesiastical reprisal from a Satanic Church Council.

Most authorities agree that the early Sabbats were held well away from the cities and villages on large areas of flat ground. Many covens preferred high ground, even mountainsides, but the accident of geography might favor such Sabbat sites. Wherever the

rituals were held, it was absolutely essential that one end of the worship area should be wooded. This grove, according to tradition, served as the choir and sanctuary. The open area served as the equivalent of the nave in an orthodox church. At the far end of the wooded grove, the worshippers erected an altar of stones. Upon the altar was placed a large, wooden image of Satan.

Even in its most polished form, this effigy did not resemble our sleek, mustachioed popular conception of a long-tailed Devil in red tights. The idol's torso was human, but its bottom half was that of a goat. Its head, too, was more often goat-like than that of a clearly discernible human physiognomy. The entire image was stained black, and in some locales, bore a small torch between its horns. The central feature of all Satanic idols was a prominent penis of exaggerated and lusty proportions.

The tortures of the Inquisition brought forth all manner of obscene versions of the Black Sabbat, but serious scholars of Witchcraft, sorcery, and Satanism generally agree on the following order of service for the devilish observance.

The Sabbat began with the ceremonial entrance of the witches, led by the High Priest or High Priestess of the coven. (A coven, as we have noted, is comprised of no more than twelve members. According to contemporary reports of Sabbat gatherings in the Middle Ages, several hundred, and in some cases, several thousand, people attended the ritual observances. It may be that the "official" witches conducted the actual ceremony, while the others in attendance were not really witches at all, but merely participating spectators.) Christian observers of the Sabbat were quick to compare this ceremonial entrance to the orthodox *introit,* but there is no evidence that the witches referred

to the procession by this name or even intended a comparison to the Christian order of service.

The chief officiant was called "The Ancient One," a purely symbolic title, as in many Sabbats, the Priestess might be an adolescent girl. At the Priestess' signal, the witches touched their torches to the flame burning between the dark image's horns and received the transference of Lucifer's light. The office was opened with the Priestess chanting: "I will come to the altar. Save me my Holy Lord Satan from the treacherous and the violent."

The ceremonial procession and opening prayer completed, the Priestess next delivered the ceremonial kiss to the hindquarters of the image, and, according to some scholars, the erect phallus of Satan. Most authorities agree that upon completion of the ceremonial kiss, the Priestess mounted the outsized penis of the leering effigy and gave herself to the dark god.

Once the Priestess had offered Satan the propitiation of her body, the banquet was begun. The only real steadfast rule of the Sabbat was that there must be an equal number of both sexes. Every witch and participant must have a mate. Under torture, many witches told their confessors that Satan would conjure up demons to take the place of either sex if human company should run short. There is some actual evidence—in both ancient and modern times—that freshly interred corpses may have been unearthed to provide cold, unprotesting partners for extra male witches.

Each officiant and each member of the congregation in attendance was required to bring food and drink for the banquet. In the state of poverty and deprivation in which so many peasants lived, it is easy to see why they looked forward to these Satanic smorgasbords. Wine, beer, and cider were all known by the twelfth

century, and Sabbat attendees were encouraged to drink as well as eat their fill.

It seems, in the opinion of many scholars, that the witches sprinkled liberal dosages of trance-inducing herbs into the communal brew. Undoubtedly such an action was designed to break down the last vestiges of inhibitions which some newcomers to the Sabbat might maintain. It was most important that everyone be "liberated" by the hour when it was time for the Sabbat Dance, or, as it is commonly known, the Witches' Round.

The Round was performed with the dancers in a back-to-back position with their hands clasped and their heads turned so that they might see each other. A wild dance such as this, which was essentially circular in movement, would need little help from the drugged drinks to bring about a condition of vertigo in the most hearty of dancers.

In his *The Satanic Mass,* H. T. F. Rhodes writes: "The result of the dance was an ecstatic condition wherein, as the movement progressed, officiants and congregation were united as if in one body." It may well have been (and still is) this union of psyches that gives Witchcraft and Satanism its true strength.

In the December, 1965, issue of the British Witchcraft review, *Pentagram,* W. G. Gray comments on the magical effects of the pattern of the witches' dance. Mr. Gray remarks that it is noteworthy that the step of an intoxicated person usually becomes a staggered gait in a circular track. "Thus, if one worked in the reverse way," Gray writes, "and deliberately tripped a circular maze pattern in a calculated series of jerky movements, this motion should ultimately induce a shifting of conscious level to a point where psychic contact might be obtained in terms of the Innerlife. With sufficient effort, this is indeed possible, and these tricks

of the trade were (and are) part of primitive witchcraft."

Gray tells us that the simplest ring dance practiced by witches is that of a plain circle with men and women alternating with joined hands. Sometimes the men face in and the women face out. In certain cases, upright poles may be placed on the perimeter of the dance circle so that the dancers might weave their way through the staves. As the witches become more accomplished the dance patterns may become more sophisticated, but Gray feels that nearly all of the dances may be traced from ancient designs, such as the swastika, which represents the horns of four beasts turning a mill or a wheel.

"So we see that the magic circle was not just a sort of cosmic carpet design, but a very practical pattern for dancing oneself into ecstasy," Gray says. "Experiments with sensitive instruments show that electrical charges are developed in the human body during dancing or gyrating—as in ritual methods."

The particular step which seems to generate the most "electricity," according to Gray, is the "dragging shuffle of the Lame (or wounded) God. . . . This applies to outdoor working, or in basements with stone floors."

It is the witches' theory that a major source of electrical supply comes from the earth's magnetic field, which induces an alternating current in the dancer's bodies during the circle dance. The faster the dance, the more current developed.

"Basically, the dance pattern is supposed to set up rhythmic resonances in the dancers themselves so that their whole beings respond to, and reproduce, that particular frequency waveform in the etheric innerworld," Gray writes. "As their physical bodies act, so should their inner existence harmonize and produce reactive effects which were once called 'magical.' "

According to the witch, the elements of this reactive effect may be observed during any "jam" session or in nearly any of the psychedelic modern dances where the old witch methods now produce bundles of dollars for clever promoters. "For those who want to keep it as a Craft practice, however," he advises, "it only remains necessary to trace a suitable magic circle or maze on their floor, work out the step, and switch on appropriate music. With practice, results can be virtually a-mazing."

Perhaps in an earlier tradition, the climax of the dance came with the Priestess becoming the living altar and lying there, naked, to receive the material offerings of the congregation. Token gifts of wheat, fruit, and in some cases, small animals may have been offered on the human altar. In a very primitive tradition, it may have been the practice to burn the material offerings of the coven together with the Priestess in a sacrifice to the Horned God. This part of the Sabbat seems obviously to have been a most important facet of the fertility rites, which, in primitive times, was probably the primary motivation for the observance.

By the time of the Middle Ages with its grim repression of pleasure and sex, it appears to be a point of general agreement that a mass sexual communion followed the wild and ecstatic dancing and that "Devils" with artificial phalli moved among the witches, taking each one of the females in intercourse. When the gathering was small enough, it was ostensibly the office of the High Priest, or Satan's emissary, to engage in coitus with an outsized dildo, which caused the yielding witches a great deal of pain. Such a ritual may well have been responsible for the confessions of those unfortunates seized by the Inquisition who claimed to have had sexual intercourse with Satan.

In *Witchcraft,* Charles Williams quotes the witch

Isabel Gowrie, who describes her supernatural lover, the Devil, as "abler for us that way than any man can be." Isabel claimed a huge organ for Satan and testified that it was "cold within me as spring-well-water."

Michelet, writing in *Satanism and Witchcraft*, theorized that a hollow dildo may have been inserted into the vaginas of the females in the congregation and some icy liquid, most likely water from a nearby stream, may have been poured into the women to represent Satanic semen. Margaret Murray agrees that dildoes were used in the Sabbat, but she believes that they must have been constructed of horn or of stone. Other scholars have championed the use of metal, wood, or leather. The usage of such artificial phalli is offered by these authorities as an explanation for the cold strokes of Satan's outsized member.

R. E. L. Masters (*Eros and Evil*) argues that such an explanation will not do. In a logical manner, Masters points out that the artificial penis would soon have become warm as a result of the frequent and lengthy copulations. Witches insisted that their vaginas remained as if frozen for hours after the unearthly intercourse with the Horned God. Masters suggests that the explanation for the coldness of demons and devils ". . . be sought in the psychological and not in the merely physical realm."

Masters also offers an interesting speculation at another point in his text when he comments upon the oft-noted allegation that no witch would return from the Sabbat "heavier" than when she arrived there (i.e. she would not become pregnant as a result of promiscuous sexual intercourse with males who were not wearing dildoes). "Given the notorious sterility of the intercourse at the Sabbat," Masters writes, "one might wonder whether anal intercourse was not practiced there rather than coitus. It has been suggested

that this might be in accord with the satanic principle of doing everything backwards."

Acts of sodomy were reported by the poor wretches from whom the tortures of the Inquisition had wrung confessions of deviltry, but it is difficult to credit any of these statements made under the duress of cruel and inhuman abuse. Both the Church of that day and the witches were in agreement, however, that the semen of Satan and his horde was completely sterile in nature. Again, at a time before any type of birth control methods other than coitus interruptus was in general usage, sexual intercourse without fear of impregnation would have been a most exciting and pleasurable aspect of the sabbat. In this day of the Pill and a variety of other reliable contraceptive devices, Satanists need not concern themselves with unwanted pregnancies; henceforth, the oral tradition of the precise sexual character of the communal rites of coitus remains lost to us.

As we have mentioned, the rites of the Sabbat were quite flexible, and certain authorities are convinced that their research indicates a progressive development of the rituals. There would seem to be little doubt that this has been the case. In the sixteenth century, Florin de Raemond describes the rites of the Sabbat then extant in his book *Anti-Christ*.

"The presiding deity is a black goat with two horns. A man dressed as a priest is attended by two women servers. A young initiate is presented to the goat who makes the sign of the cross with the left hand and commands those present to salute him with . . . the kiss upon the hind-quarters. Between his horns the creature carries a black lighted candle from which the worshippers' tapers are lighted. As each one adores the goat, money is dropped into a silver dish. (de Raemond writes that the new witch is initiated by

giving Satan a lock of her hair, and by "going apart with him into a wood," where, apparently, she truly gives the Devil his fleshly due.)

"The Sabbat dance follows in the familiar back-to-back positions and the Mass proper then begins. A black cape without any cross embroidered upon it is worn by the celebrant. A segment of turnip, dyed black, is used in place of the Host for the elevation. On seeing it above the priest's head, the congregation cry, 'Master, save us!' Water replaces wine in the chalice. Offensive material is used as a substitute for holy water in the black asperges." (translation from Rhodes, *The Satanic Mass*)

It was during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that, in my opinion, the mold became set for the ritual patterns which we, today, commonly think of as Satanism. It seems to this writer that the practitioners of the Old Religion went completely underground with their worship ceremonies while the decadent aristocracy seized upon the Black Mass as a kind of hedonistic parlor game in which one might express his sexual fantasies on living bodies and cavort about in the nude.

The Sabbat of the seventeenth century seemed to have little difficulty attracting Christian clergy men, more motivated by personal gain than devoting their lives to an imitation of Christ, who would unhesitantly conduct some of the most loathsome of ceremonies. The robust and primitive ritual sung over the living altar of a naked woman's body had been perverted to, as Rhodes phrases it, ". . . a matter of petty ambitions and parochial lusts."

We shall detail the Sabbat as it was performed during this period in a later chapter. Since the Black Mass has gained few modifications since that time, the re-

lating of certain, contemporary accounts would seem to serve our purpose best at this point.

Peter B., as we shall call him, was a wealthy young businessman who, at first, was surprised to learn that Satanic rites still existed in the twentieth century; but he managed to control his shock and release it in full enjoyment of the liberal sex that the Satanists served at their Sabbats.

Without attempting to make any sort of value judgment or without attempting to offer any kind of explanation for the fact, it seems to be a truism that the Black Magic-Satanist underground involves a good many prostitutes and call girls. It was through such a woman that Peter received his initiation into the rituals of modern Satanism.

"A business acquaintance had given me Ronda's telephone number during one of my earlier trips to New York," Peter recalled. "Long raven hair, lithe and shapely legs, full-breasts, she looked as if she had stepped out of the centerfold of a man's magazine. Ronda was very popular among the men she served, but it was only because of her beauty, not because of any warmth or simulated passion on her part. She gave her client her body, but not one bit of the real Ronda. Making love to Ronda was like making it with a beautiful mannikin."

Peter began his bizarre adventure into a world he never dreamed existed when he was walking back to his hotel after a wearying day of business and happened to see Ronda on the street. Although he was aware that a call girl might not want to acknowledge a client before working hours, he hailed her and was delighted when she smiled and stopped to chat with him.

"Can I call you later?" Peter asked, as they were saying their good-byes.

"Not tonight, tiger," Ronda told him. "Tonight I go to church."

Peter frowned over the look of surprise that had at first expanded his features. "What's the matter?" she teased. "Don't you think a call girl can have religion?"

Peter started to make feeble apologies and declarations which would be indicative of a liberal and understanding nature, but Ronda cut him off with tinkling laughter. "Don't be uptight," she told him. "My kind of religion is something else!"

A quizzical expression, a conversational question, a bit of double-talk dialogue, and somehow, Peter found himself attending his first Black Sabbat in a Greenwich Village loft.

That night, the witch-parents of a teenaged girl were sponsoring her initiation into the coven. Peter watched wide-eyed and open-mouthed as they removed the loose-fitting black robe from the girl's shoulders and exposed her delicate nakedness to the High Priest. She was about sixteen, slender, with boyishly cropped blonde hair. Amidst the singing of chants, the girl lay down on the table that served as an altar. A pillow was placed beneath her head. The High Priest surveyed her slim figure, motioned for another pillow to be placed beneath the girl's slender buttocks.

Then, while the parents stood by in an attitude of reverential tranquility, the High Priest mounted their daughter and took her with what appeared to Peter to be obvious relish. The High Priest was a middle-aged man, muscular and virile, and it seemed to Peter that a regularly provided virgin might indeed be the long-sought-after prescription for eternal youth.

There is a bit of the voyeur in every man, and Peter found himself becoming aroused at the sight of the ritual intercourse. The pressure of Ronda's hand on his knee told him that the erotic effects of the scene

were not lost on his companion, either. When she turned to look up at him, Peter was both pleased and astonished to observe the unmistakable signs of deep-felt passion on Ronda's face. It was the first time that she had given indication of the volcano of sensuality that each of her clients had tried so hard and so unsuccessfully to plumb.

After the ritual banquet and the drinking of the wine, which Peter swore afterwards had been laced with drugs, he gloried in the taking of a fiery and fully-aroused Ronda. Later, the businessman did not resist the ministrations of other full-bodied young witches when they approached him for their due during the rites of communal sex.

When Peter and Ronda left at the traditional Sabbat parting time of dawn, he felt himself completely spent, but, in a strange way, completely fulfilled. Wow! he declared to Ronda, what a way to enliven his trips to New York.

The call girl told him that he would not have to wait for his business trips to partake of the Sabbat. It had been a night of revelation and amazement for Peter, but he found that he had one more surprise coming when Ronda told him that there was a coven of witches only thirty miles away from his hometown back in the Midwest.

The Sabbat which Peter attended in the Village seems to have been a typically modern admixture of Satanism and hedonistic sexual indulgence. The parents who had brought their daughter to the altar of the High Priest were quite probably sincere and were sponsoring her initiation into their faith in the equivalent of Christian baptism. In the Satanist ritual, of course, one sees the flowing of hymeneal blood rather than the sprinkling of baptismal holy water.

Although such a ritual defloration may seem dis-

gusting to the average parent in twentieth century America, this author has spoken to young parents who have already made the necessary arrangements for their daughter's sexual initiation through such rites. They feel, and I am convinced of their sincerity, that such an act will emancipate their daughter and free her from the sexual hang-ups of our times. Understand that I am neither championing nor condoning such a viewpoint; I am merely repeating an attitude.

If the coven in Greenwich Village had been composed of the sexually jaded along with a smattering of sincere Satanists, the coven which Peter contacted in the Midwest seemed to exist solely for the purpose of providing elaborate and ritualistic trappings for a wife-swapping circle. At the time of his initiation, Peter was made to perform intercourse with as many of the female witches as his glands would allow. Then, when his phallus and his glands refused to rise to the occasion, a dildo of outrageous proportions was strapped around his hips, and he was told to service the remaining women with the artificial penis.

As might be expected, the process of initiation for a female member of the coven required her to copulate with each of the male members of the coven. The Midwestern Satanists paid little attention to the traditional coven membership number of twelve witches, plus the High Priest, and the number in attendance at the various Sabbats varied from six to eighteen.

Peter made one half-hearted attempt to interest his wife in joining the coven, but she adamantly and indignantly refused to become involved with the Satanist circle. They had long before set up their invisible shields around themselves and had learned to live their lives apart from one another. Theirs was a marriage

in name only and maintained its cohesiveness "for the sake of the children."

Peter often brought his secretary to serve as his partner. They had been intimate on several occasions prior to his involvement with the Satanists, and the young woman was delighted to find so many men interested in gratifying her strong sensual nature in one evening. The insistence upon there being an equal number of men and women at the Sabbat was one of the few traditions which the small town Satanists seemed to observe.

According to Peter, his break with the coven came when they entered a small country church and desecrated the Christian altar with Satanist symbols.

"It all happened when one of the Satanists proclaimed that he had found that rarest of rare commodities, a virgin," Peter recalled. "The man ran a five-and-dime store and he had just hired a young country girl who had recently graduated from high school. The girl, according to him, had a tremendous body, but was a bit short-changed in the brains department.

"One day, the fellow, we can call him Hank, heard one of his young male employees complaining about a date he had had with Martha, the gal with the virginal body. 'Hell,' he grumbled, 'she is one of the old-fashioned kind. She's a virgin and she's saving it for marriage. She'll let you kiss and feel, but no one gets inside her pants.' "

Intrigued by the girl's virginal state, Hank began to keep a close eye on her. He had the largest library on Witchcraft and Satanism of any of the group, and, at times, it seemed as if he were actually the most sincere in the worship of His Satanic Majesty. The possibilities of the ritual sacrifice of a virgin had set his brain aflame. Somehow, he wanted that girl.

Then he began to notice her reading paperbacks about the Occult on her lunch hour. Seizing this lead, Hank played it for all it was worth. He discovered that the girl was extremely interested in the supernatural and extrasensory perception. He began to lend her books and to discuss the Occult with Martha on every available occasion.

Slowly, like the expert fisherman he was, Hank began to dangle the lure in front of the girl. He began to tease her with the most appetizing of baits. He began to describe some of the things which he had seen, some of the mysteries which he had witnessed. The short, balding man took on increased stature in Martha's eyes. He became a rather romantic figure, a man of mystery. If only she might be able to see such things, to observe such arcane rituals for herself.

"I know she's ripe now," Hank told the coven members one night. "If we put on a real show for her and slip a little happy powder in her drink, she will make us a tremendous altar of flesh!"

"And think of the possibilities for fashioning an act of true magick," another of the few sincere Satanists whispered in reverential awe. "We might actually be able to summon One from the regions of darkness."

But most of the male members of the coven were visualizing only the virgin flesh of the beautiful young woman, whose body they would possess after the High Priest—and that night it would be Hank, as was only fair—had performed the ritual sacrificial penetration.

It was decided that such an auspicious opportunity required the most appropriate of settings. "Hank told us that Satanist lore maintained that any magic ceremony might be enhanced if it were held on ground that was sacred to the Devil's adversary, Christ. Churchyards were considered prime ground, but the most powerful of all would be the altar of a Christian church.

There was this small country church about ten miles out of town that we all knew about, so it was decided that the coven would actually celebrate the Black Mass over a Christian altar."

Shortly before midnight on May Eve (April 30), a very special night for Sabbats, the coven smashed in the door of the small country church. Martha followed the ensuing rites with wide-eyed wonder. There was the lighting of the tapers, their flames casting eerie shadows on the church walls; the mock Mass conducted at the altar with black turnip and living toad ripped in bloody halves; the large, silver, ceremonial goblet passed from mouth to mouth.

Hank had given Martha some beer liberally spiked with a drug before the witches had gathered at his home to form the caravan out to the country. By the time the ceremonial goblet touched her lips, Martha was glassy-eyed and moving like an automaton.

Hank, in his role as High Priest, made a brief propitiatory chant to Astaroth and Asmodeus, then motioned for Martha to be brought forward. While two white-robed acolytes brought the drug-calmed young woman to the altar, Hank swept the hymnal, Bible, and gold-plated cross from its top, and spat at the picture of Christ which hung above it. He bent as if to jerk the white altar cloth to the floor, but decided to allow it to remain to bear the Satanic offering.

Martha had already stripped to bra and panties underneath the black robe, so when the garment was slipped from her shoulders, she stood before the altar in a state of near-readiness. Deft fingers unsnapped the bra and slid the filmy panties over her hips. There was an audible gasp of appreciation from both the male and female Satanists. The young woman possessed a body that approached physical perfection in its proportions and carriage.

Hank's lust-thickened tongue prevented his reciting the rest of the ritual chant with any great degree of articulateness, but the acolytes helped the girl to the altar and prepared her for the entrance of the High Priest. A leering mask of Satan was fitted to Hank's face, and he moved aside his robe to display a swollen penis that had already attained a state of erection as a result of anticipatory excitement.

The watching coven began to breathe heavily, as if with one lust-quickened breast, as the High Priest crouched above the remarkably lovely young virgin. A dozen or more loins vicariously savored the initial penetration, and certain of the Satanists projected themselves so strongly into the erotic tableau before them that they moaned and whimpered along with the two figures engaged in the passion struggle on the altar.

It did not take the High Priest long to spend his lust, but he had managed to accomplish the ritual of the hymeneal sacrifice. He stood, touched a forefinger to the cloth beneath the thighs of the living altar. When the finger emerged once more to view, the coven could see that it was smeared with blood, scarlet proof of the maid's former innocent condition.

An acolyte stepped forward, wiped the blood from the High Priest's finger, and offered him a potion from a chalice. Martha still lay outstretched on the altar, and the High Priest indicated that another male from the coven should take his place between the warm pillars of flesh. While another Satanist mounted the drugged teenager, the High Priest began a chant to invoke the presence of Asmodeus.

Female members of the coven, sexually excited by the ritual intercourse taking place before them, began to fidget in their impatience. It would be some time before they had a man of their own who could engage them in more than coitus by vicarious indentification.

Sensing their restlessness, an acolyte passed a small chest to one of the women. She opened it with a hoarse cry of pleasure as she discovered the dildoes within. Several of the women tossed aside their robes, eager to being servicing one another with the artificial phalli.

Peter had risen to his feet along with the other male members of the coven and had begun to approach the altar at the High Priest's signal. While he stood in line awaiting his turn to bestow his blessing upon the initiate and her sacrificed virginity, a psychedelic montage of mental images swirled inside his brain.

He beheld the body of Martha on the altar. Drugs had glassed her eyes and opened her mouth, distorting her beautiful facial features and giving her somewhat the appearance of idiocy.

Somehow Martha's body no longer appeared to be suffused with vibrant earthiness. The figure, though firm and voluptuous, appeared worn and listless.

Martha, in Peter's eyes, was no longer a highly desirable young woman. The Satanic ritual had transformed her into a vessel for the receptacle of lust. She had become only an object to be used.

A dozen scenes from past Sabbats flashed across Peter's mental viewing screen.

There had been so many lips, so many eager hands stroking his loins, so many backs arched in orgasmic frenzy.

Were they really sophisticated Satanic hedonists probing each other's bodies in celebration of their sexual freedom, or were they only using each other in a desperate attempt to find a release of tension, a momentary, spasmodic escape from the shallowness of their own lives, their own souls?

Peter's eyes flicked over the desecrated church. The first men to have honored Martha's newly opened

womanhood with their penile blessings were now supplanting some of the wielders of the dildoes by driving their restored maleness into the impatient bodies of the waiting women. The pews, which would be used for the worship of the Son of God on Sunday, were now serving the Satanists as whorehouse cribs.

Peter saw the crucifix and the hymn books that had been dumped to the floor. He winced at the glistening mark of the High Priest's spittle as it soiled the face of the Man of Sorrows.

His attention was brought sharply back to the scene on the altar. Martha was screaming. The drug was beginning to wear off.

"There were ten men including the High Priest in attendance that night," Peter said. "There were only three of us who had not 'blessed' the girl when she began to scream. I was second to the last and I would gladly have relinquished my right to initiate the girl, but the fellow ahead of me was not about to be cheated of his virgin piece. He was a burly fellow and he mounted the girl with a hoarse cry of lust. When Martha screamed again, he slapped her into unconsciousness and pounded his organ into her crumpled body like some rutting goat.

"I became sickened. This was not some pagan ritual to appease an ancient god. This was not even sophisticated sex between liberally minded adults. I mean, that's why I got involved with Satanism in the first place. I wanted plenty of sex, and so did the female witches who attended the Sabbats. But we had drugged an innocent kid, thrown her on a desecrated Christian altar, and had made up an excuse to gang-bang her. No, this was not a religious ceremony, this was not uninhibited sex, this was pure and simply obscene bestiality . . . crude, barbaric lust!"

Peter turned from the altar and ran from the church.

"I called my wife, got her out of bed, and told her that I would be gone for two weeks on an extended business trip. She grunted, told me to send her a postcard.

"When I returned, I got a run-down on what had happened from my secretary, who, thank God, had not attended the Sabbat with me that night. The Satanists had got pretty boozed up and had gone a trifle berserk after the banquet and communal intercourse. Several gravestones had been tipped over, and at least two of the church's stained glass windows were damaged, not to mention the smashed-in door. The local newspapers had attributed the desecration to vandals and listed among the damages a number of hymnbooks which had been piled into a bonfire and burned just outside the church entrance. Reference was made to "filth smeared on the altar cloth," and I could visualize the heavy stains of blood and semen that must have been left on the fouled altar.

"All the Satanists feared that Martha would press charges of rape against them, but Hank managed to buy her silence with expensive gifts and a hefty raise in salary. He had her pegged right when he said that she was great in the body department but weak in the brain. The last I heard, she had become the High Priestess of the coven. I washed my hands of the whole messy business. They just went too far for me. I don't even call Ronda any more when I go to New York on business."

Another version of contemporary Satanic rituals was related by a young woman who sought out a coven in her city for assistance in dealing with a situation for which she believed occult intervention to be the most effective method of problem solving.

"George had turned cold toward me," Lois W. complained. "We had been going together all through high school and until our sophomore year at city college. We

were really good together, you know? But then he started eyeing other chicks.

"I've always been really hip on the occult. I mean, I really believe in it, and I knew this guy who claimed to be a witch. I figured if Witchcraft really worked, it could help me get George back."

Lois contacted her friend, who, in turn, put her in touch with the local High Priest. "This guy with the beard told me that the Black Mass would cost me twenty dollars and that I would have to come back at midnight. He had real wild eyes, and, believe me, he looked like Satan himself.

"When I came back at midnight, these two chicks in white robes and hoods ushered me into a large back-room. There were all kinds of occult symbols painted on the walls and a couple large magic circles had been drawn on the floor. There was a black altar up front, and above, sort of back in a niche in the wall, was an idol of the Horned God with a candle burning between his horns. It was really a pretty cool place, you know, just like I had read about.

"One of the Black Magic chicks told me that I had to strip, and I thought, 'Oh, boy, here it comes. I thought maybe we could skip this part.' But I could tell by the determined look on the gals' faces that I had better buff down to my birthday suit.

"When I was completely naked, the two witches ushered me right up to the black altar. I had read enough books to know what was coming next, so I hopped up on the altar top and stretched out. One of the chicks told me to flex my legs and turn my knees to the edge of the altar. The other said that I had to stretch my arms out crosswise. With my knees bent and folded up and over like that, I sort of relaxed a bit. I knew that the High Priest would never be able to have intercourse with me in that position! I mean, that

was the one thing that I was kind of uptight about. Somehow, it didn't seem right to try to get George to love me more by letting a strange, bearded man ball me. But I had read about the Black Mass, and I had gone there fully expecting to get nailed by the High Priest.

"The witches placed a black candle in each of my out-stretched hands and lit them. That's when the High Priest entered the sanctuary. He walked directly to the altar and set a silver bowl on my stomach. He mumbled something under his breath, then bent to kiss each of my breasts.

"He reached under this flowing robe, and I thought for a bad second there that he was about to disrobe and hump me. But what to my wondering eyes should appear but a chicken which he had somehow kept under this costume. He held the thing up by its legs, allowing its head to hang down. In his other hand he held a knife that looked honed to razor sharpness.

" 'O Astaroth, Asmodeus,' he chanted, 'I beg you to accept the sacrifice of this living thing which we now offer in sacrifice to you. O Dark Ones, accept this gift of blood and grant that the love of George K. be returned to the aching heart of Lois W.'

"With that, he slit the chicken's throat with one rapid, slashing movement, and he allowed the blood to drip down over me and into the chalice on my stomach. I felt sick inside as the warm fluid ran over my body. The beak of the chicken opened and closed in silent squawks, and its skinny wings began to flutter in rapid movement. I almost wished the High Priest would have pronged me rather than kill that poor dumb thing, which he must have hypnotized before the Black Mass.

"When the chicken was nearly drained of blood, the High Priest tossed it aside and lifted the chalice from

my stomach. He reached inside with his finger and used a long-nailed digit to stir the bowl's contents. Then he slipped the bloody finger into his mouth, licked his lips like a cook testing the soup, and offered the chalice to me.

" 'Drink,' he said softly, 'drink of the sacrificial wine.'

"It suddenly occurred to me, as I lay there royally spattered with chicken blood, that I had put down twenty dollars for a bloody drink from a bloody bowl —a chicken blood cocktail!

" 'No thanks,' I said, sitting up and pushing aside the chalice. 'When I want some chicken, I'll take the drumstick!'

"I put on my clothes right over all those sticky blood stains, and I left the sanctuary, without paying the slightest bit of attention to the High Priest's threats that the riual would have no effect unless I remained to drink from the cup!"

The Satanic Mass which Lois W. attended was of the sort that is operated by Black Mass priests solely for the purpose of obtaining material gain for the celebrant. As is suspected by many disappointed celebrants, the only individual assured of material gain in such an observance is the High Priest. This version of the Black Mass does have its authentic historical precedents, however much it may seem like an Occult con game. As we shall see in a later chapter, the blood sacrifice which has been incorporated into this version of the Black Sabbat, once demanded a much larger and more important sacrifice than a scrawny chicken.

Another informant has told of yet another feature at a Black Sabbat, which, although it, too, has its historical precedents, seems almost too perverse and bestial to be believed in the twentieth century. According to Karl J., he attended a Black Mass when he was an enlisted man in the Navy during World War II.

"It was in a sea port in the South, and that is all I will tell you about the 'where' of this story," he said. "A couple of my buddies and I had been gloriously bending our elbows in an organized attempt to drink the bar dry of all its available beer and liquor.

"We were pretty well stoned when we spotted this tall, thin guy in a black evening suit. You know, he looked every bit like John Carradine when he took over the Dracula role from Bela Lugosi. Well, three lusty and looped buckos on leave sure couldn't leave this weird looking guy alone, you know.

"He just smiled at our rough humor and we couldn't ruffle him at all. Finally we just ordered another round and sat down to talk with him. I can still remember the way he looked at us, sizing us up, I suppose. Man, those eyeballs of his crawled over us like they were independent, living things resting in his skull sockets.

" 'Are you boys looking for an interesting evening?' he asked.

"Can you imagine asking three sailors on leave a question like that and be able to keep a straight face? Well, this fellow managed to do it.

" 'What do you know of the Black Arts?' he wondered when he had our complete attention. 'What do you know of Satan's merry dances and of wanton, willing witches? Oh, no,' he explained when one of us grunted some wiseguy remark about rolling in the sack with an old witch, 'not all witches are ugly, toothless, and wrinkled. Many are young and beautiful, and they know more about the ancient arts of making love thas any of the amateurs you might pick up tonight!'

"Well, that nailed our interest, as you might suppose. I don't even know when it was that we decided to go with him, and I sure couldn't tell you how we got to his place. We were all three so stoned we could

probably have done the Samoan firewalk and burned off our toes without feeling a thing.

"I know that I must have been out on my feet for quite a while, because the next thing I heard was a bunch of men and women chanting some weird hymn. You know how your mind sometimes plays funny tricks on you when you're just waking up? Well, for a couple of seconds there, I thought I was sitting back home with Mom on a Sunday morning in the First Methodist Church. I felt someone poke me, and, still in my half-dream, I thought it was Mom giving me the elbow for falling asleep during the sermon. I sat up straight in my chair and opened my eyes. One quick look around told me that I sure as hell wasn't in the Methodist church.

"Our skinny friend had traded his evening clothes for a long, flowing black robe and he was reciting a lot of mumbo-jumbo in a sing-songy voice. Then he stepped away from the altar and I saw a pair of great legs sticking out from behind his back. He moved farther away and I swallowed hard. There was one helluva looking broad all stretched out as naked as a jaybird right there on the altar. No, indeed, this was not the Methodist church!

"I made some comment and my buddies told me to look over against the walls. There I spotted half a dozen babes decked out in some filmy, gauzy type gowns that a fellow could see right through. The skinny guy was right. Not all witches were wrinkled, toothless, and ugly. These were damn nice looking broads, and I was feeling mighty uncomfortable down there in my nether regions because I had been a long time without a woman.

"I was about to tell my buddies that I was getting out of there, when old Mr. Bones in the black robe motioned a man from the congregation to come for-

ward. As he walked forward he started shucking off his clothes, so that by the time he got to the altar, he was as naked as the broad lying there and waiting. Then, damned if he didn't crawl on top of her and start going to it right there in front of everyone. And the gal kept laying there not making a sound or a move.

"My mouth dropped open and I tried to pull it closed, but it was like there was three packs of chewing gum in there. Then I noticed that the six or seven men in the room with the three of us started getting out of their clothes to make ready for their turn at the altar. She was a good-looking blonde with all her curves, and plenty of them, in all the right places. I mean, I was interested, but there was nothing wrong with the babes leaning against the wall, neither.

" 'Nope,' one of my buddies whispered. 'While you were conked out, the thin guy said that we all have to make it with the sacrificial virgin before we can jump any of the witches. We take our turn with the blonde on the altar, then we can take our pick of any of the willing witches."

"Man, I'll tell you, I pinched myself to see if I was dreaming. Great day in the morning, for a sailor to stumble into a harem on his first night on leave! I'd be back every night until the ship sailed!"

The paradisical situation soon ended in a nightmare for our informant, however. He strode manfully up to the altar with the pent-up passion of long weeks without sexual expression throbbing his maleness into full erection. The added element of the exotic surroundings and the aura of erotic wickedness had him virtually trembling with lust.

He took his place above the sacrificial virgin, then hesitated. There was too much make up, too much . . . there was just something unnatural about the shapely blonde. He touched her flesh. It was cold, stiff, un-

yielding. He drew back in horror. He had been about to engage in coitus with a corpse!

Karl J. ran from the altar, shouting at his friends to join him. He was shuddering, wretching, choking back the hot vomit that wanted to spew up from the revulsion boiling in his stomach.

When they reached the street, the three sailors took their first real look at the dark building which they had entered. They had followed their thin, dark-suited guide into an undertaking establishment! They had encountered a Satanist who obtained unprotesting sacrificial virgins from the corpses which were delivered to his funeral parlor for embalming. Obviously the male members of his coven had strong necrophiliac tendencies, because none of them seemed to protest the condition of the virgin flesh on the altar. Indeed, there are historical antecedents which tell us that some Satanist circles emphasize only the use of a corpse in the Black Mass.

Karl said that if such an experience should happen to him today, he would immediately report such a violation of the sanctity of the dead to the proper authorities. At that time, as he grinned rather sheepishly, he was only nineteen and more interested in having a good time. Certainly he and his friends had been revolted by what they had seen, but the next day three young women, who were definitely among the living, quickly supplanted their feelings of revulsion with eager sensations of desire, and the Black Mass with its violation of the corpse was forgotten until the men were back at sea.

"I've never forgotten it since, though," Karl admitted. "I can't even nuzzle my wife if she's lying there asleep. When I make love, I want her to have her eyes wide open and I want to feel that I have warm flesh beneath me!"

In strict Witchcraft-Satanist dogma, a coven may consist of any number of celebrants up to thirteen, but when the ideal number of thirteen has been reached, those witches over that number must branch off and form a new coven. Doreen Valiente has said that the number thirteen is connected with the Moon Goddess, because there are thirteen lunar months in the year. The Moon Goddess is the personification of Nature as the Great Mother, the most ancient of gods, whose worship goes back to the beginnings of man's life on earth.

"The oldest religious objects ever found are statuettes of the Mother Goddess; and I think people have a deep need to recognize and worship the feminine side of Deity, which orthodox religion has failed to satisfy," Mrs. Valiente once remarked in a speech to the Witchcraft Research Association.

The four greater Sabbats of the Old Religion are also observed by those of Satanistic persuasion. Halloween is the Sabbat which remembers those who have passed through the Gates of the Beyond. Candlemas marks the first signs of spring, while May Eve recognizes the beginning of summer. Lammas is the Sabbat held in honor of harvest-time.

"What witches seek for in celebrating these seasonal rituals is a sense of oneness with Nature, and the exhilaration which comes from contact with the One Universal Life," Mrs. Valiente observed. "People today need this, because they are conscious of the tendency of modern life to cut them off from their kinship with the world of living nature until their own individuality is smoothed and processed away, and they begin to feel as if they are just another cog in a huge, senseless machine.

"It is the reaction against this feeling which is attracting people's interest in Witchcraft today. They

want to get back to Nature and be human beings again, as she intended them to be.

"Witches do not go about trying to convert people; but we keep the lamp of the Old Religion burning for those who wish to see by its light."

One can certainly be tolerant enough of differing religious views to respect the philosophy expressed by Doreen Valiente and certain other spokesmen for the Old Religion. It would seem, however, that the particular kind of Satanism with which we deal in this present book takes man a bit too far back into Nature, so that instead of becoming "human beings again," man is reduced to the bestial. While the Old Religion may indeed offer a light of direction for many people, one might say that Satanism stands ever ready to snuff out the flame and return the world to total darkness.

CHAPTER FOUR

BRIDES OF SATAN AND DEVILISH DEMON LOVERS

In the classic *Satanism and Witchcraft*, Jules Michelet casts an unforgettable portrait of the Woman of the Middle Ages who becomes transformed into a witch. Michelet's Everywoman is the new bride of a young peasant, who trembling as she holds her husband's hand, walks with him up to the castle to present the "Marriage meat-offering" to the Baron and his pack of randy, wifeless retainers.

Rough, crude, ribald jokes greet the young couple as they enter the courtyard and are spotted by the knights, squires, and pages. They mock the young man in his wedding clothes, and they leer openly at the chaste maid at his side. The young people were bound together in matrimony on that very day, but they must present themselves to the castle before they might lie together.

The young husband, a bit wealthier than some serfs, tries to buy his wife's virginity from the rough and raucous men, who, through vile tradition, have first claim on the fruits of any peasant marriage. They jeer at him, pelt him with stones and sticks. The pages take after him with brooms and soon the groom is roughed-up and jostled out of doors.

"Begone!" they scream at him. "Take your ugly, jealous face away from here before we really pummel you into the ground! You'll get your wife back when we've done with her. Why, think of the favor we'll

be doing you if one of us should get her with child! Your firstborn will be a nobleman!"

The wretched man is inflamed with rage at the injustice of the act, but it is the custom, and he is helpless to halt the men from having their way with his wife. He returns to his empty home to await her release.

Near dawn, he hears a labored step outside the door. It is she, pale, disordered, bruised, in pitiful condition. She throws herself at her husband's knees and begs his pardon. They have all had their way with her—the chaplain, the cellarer, even the servants joined the knights in honoring her marriage night with their rape. But whatever outrage she may have endured, she is still pure and innocent in her heart. She does not yet have need for the dim and dark shape that has appeared to one side of the hearth.

Now she is a wife with a home, husband, and a few personal possessions of her own. She works hard to assist her husband with the farm labor, but she has leisure time, too, and she spends a great deal of it gossiping with the other wives and listening to the older women tall fanciful tales of the Old Religion and its friendly nature spirits.

It is of a strange and dainty world that the old women spin their fairy tales. It is a magical world which appeals to a woman's soul. Listening to the stories quickens memories which have lain dormant in her subconscious. She is told that the spirits of the Old Religion now only come out at night, and they do truly appreciate it when someone leaves a candle on a great oak tree to help light their midnight revels.

Such an act seems harmless enough, and soon she is stealing out at night to leave a lighted taper just above a most mysterious hole which must surely harbor a family of elves in that giant oak. She secretly

begins to leave a bit of cream and a spoon or two of porridge in a bowl near the door. Perhaps some fairy folk will one night take notice of her kindness.

The wood spirits are not ungrateful. One morn the woman awakes to find her household tasks completed. She is filled with awe and a strange kind of exhilaration. In front of her startled eyes, an invisible hand begins to rock the babe in his cradle. From somewhere so close that the voice seems nearly to come from inside of her, she hears soft words of reassurance. Truly, the spirit must be a good one.

The woman is delighted with her mysterious guest. She often feels him brush up against her skirt, and she can almost always hear the rustle his little feet make as he patters about after her. If only she could see him. Why must he be invisible?

One night she feels the unmistakable brush of tiny lips against her cheek. Then a touch near her private parts, which at once embarrasses her and convinces her that her little elf has found his way beneath the bedclothes. She knows that her little Robin Goodfellow loves her, but it appears that he has grown to love her too much!

It is a matter too dangerous to tell the priest, but the next morning she confesses to her good husband that a sly elf has taken up residence with them. Her husband at first thinks her daft, but the wee one soon wins his heart by cleaning his tools at night while he sleeps in his bed.

"What does it matter if the wee one likes to caress you now and then?" the husband laughs while he rubs his hands over tools miraculously made clean during the night. "I cannot be jealous of so tiny a rival!"

As they sit in church of a Sunday morning, the words of the priest admonishing all good folk against the evil of consorting with spirits brings a secret smile

to their lips. The wee Brownie has found a permanent place at their hearth, and they have both caught glimpses of his sharp, tiny features in the flickering firelight. Robin Goodfellow, the little demon of the hearth and the home, has made their household prosper.

One day in her husband's absence, the goodwife is set upon by two pages from the castle. The sanctity of a peasant's home has no more meaning to them than if they were trespassing on a pig sty. She is a comely woman, and the Baron's men have the right to demand such privileges from the wives of the serfs. Their lust throbs within them, and they push her roughly to the floor and take turns mounting her while the other pinions her arms.

"Why did you not protect me?" the woman demands of the wee spirit as she lies weeping near the hearth.

Her dress has been torn roughly from her body, and there is a trickle of blood at the corner of her mouth where a rough fist tried to punch her into a more cooperative frame of mind.

"Why can I not have a big and powerful spirit to protect me from such abuse. How I would love to take my revenge on those swine in the castle! I would give my whole self in exchange for a mighty spirit which would deal soundly with such miscreants. And what have I now? A wee elf to rock my cradle and clean my husband's tools and hide at the hearth while I am raped!"

A thin voice pipes up from a dark corner of the small house. It tells the woman that it is her own fault that he has remained so small. "You would have driven me off with priests and holy water if I had come to you as a large spirit. And your husband would surely not have been so tolerant of my caresses under the bed-clothes! I can be big and strong if you wish. That

is no special trick. A spirit can be any size he desires."

"Then do it," the goodwife demands. "Become my giant protector!"

"But first you must give me a gift," the high-pitched voice bargains.

"What is it that you ask?"

"A sweet woman's soul!" answers the spirit.

The goodwife recoils in horror at the proposition, but the demon's tongue is fast and smooth. He tells the woman that he knows her innermost thoughts, even the thoughts which she hides from herself. He claims to be only the "little soul" within her that speaks to her great and proper soul.

"I belonged to your mother and to her mother and grandmother and to all the women in your line for more than a thousand years," the spirit insists.

The wee voice argues that it is not fair to call him a demon. God cannot be everywhere, the spirit says. Some matters He must leave to the spirits. And especially must God entrust to helpful spirits the correction of the miscarriages of His justice.

To silence the woman's final protestations, the spirit tells her that both her child and her husband will die that winter in their poverty unless she gives herself up to his ministrations. At last she submits to the pact, but it is with great pain of soul that she sighs: "Alas, I am no longer my own woman!"

The demon keeps his word. The Baron begins to notice that the young husband appears to be endowed with ambition and commonsense. He appoints him as his representative in the village and charges him to receive his accounts and to bring the proceeds to the castle each Sunday morning before Mass.

The goodwife's heart beats with pride when she sees her husband, serf-born, sitting under the shadow of the feudal tree. And a bit of revenge against the brutish

fellows in the castle has already been realized. The Baron has issued stern command that his village representative be treated with respect. "The first man to lay a hand on him or his shall dangle by a rope!" the lord has thundered to his henchmen.

But the woman continues to pay for her husband's success. The anxieties of the night beset her cruelly, and she feels that she may never sleep again. The demon torments her with vile propositions, and when she resists his entreaties, he slides across her naked bosom in the form of a serpent or nibbles at her lips with a pointed beak. But she will not say yes. She vows to endure the nightly struggle.

"But how can you say it would be adulterous sin to let me have my way with you?" he whispers in her ear. "It is not carnal sin to yield to a spirit who is nothing more than a breath, a vapor, a puff of wind. What would your husband care if only a bit of vapor possessed you?"

To secure her compliance in the pact, the demon arranges for the husband to anger the Baron by failing to collect adequate sums from the people. "If I do not bring more taxes to the castle on Sunday next," the husband wails, "the Baron says I'll dance in the air over his battlements."

The next morning, after her husband has risen for his day's labor, the goodwife lies abed, her body trembling with sorrow. Why did she send the spirit away? Now she needed the wee one more than ever.

At that moment she feels a terrible weight on her breasts, pressing her into the bed, almost crushing the wind from her. The demon slips lower, presses against her belly, pins her arms to her side with a grip of steel.

"I am here!" the voice is harsh. "You wished for me. At last your little soul is mine!"

"No," the goodwife answers in trembling voice. "My

soul is mine and my husband's, consecrated by my marriage vow!"

"Were you thinking of your husband when you allowed me to caress you beneath the bed-clothes?" the voice mocked. "Be careful how you answer! I know your inmost thoughts."

"But my husband again needs help," the woman states her plea. "You said that you loved him as much as me."

"It is you I desire," the voice snaps. "It is your body and soul I wish to inhabit. The only way you'll save your man from ruin and from hanging is by offering yourself to me of your own free will. What have you to lose? You know that your soul is lost already!"

"Very well," the woman replies, hot tears streaking her cheeks, "take my body to save my husband. Take my flesh if it pleases you so. . . ."

Her thighs are thrust violently apart and she feels herself impaled by a formidable rod that at once fills her with fire and ice. She has become a bride of Satan.

Her husband prospers and so does she. Both men and women fear her. She becomes more respected than the Lady of the castle, until the aroused jealousy of the Baron's wife has her flogged and driven out of town. No one comes to her aid. Even her husband, fearful for his riches, bars the door against her. Priests declare that the woman has been possessed and that she must be purged by Mother Church. There is nothing for the beset woman to do but to flee into the forest.

Somehow she manages to escape her pursuers and find her way into a dark part of the woods. There a familiar voice calls to her from a large oak tree. "If I had not pitied you and led you here," it tells her, "you would tonight be in a dungeon and the Church would be making ready to roast you."

The voice is no longer a wee one. It is no longer her little Robin Goodfellow. The voice now is clearly con-

trolled by one who demands service, rather than by one who serves. Then, as Michelet has the entity speak, Satan tells the woman:

"You were mine from your birth up; the roguery you hid so well, the diabolic charm you could not hide, made you mine. I was your lover, your husband."

Although the woman's own kind has shut the door in her face, Satan promises that he will be kinder. He welcomes her to his domain of free and open plains and thick, spreading forests.

"What do I gain, you ask? Have I not long had you in my power at propitious seasons? Have I not overwhelmed, possessed you, filled you with the flame of my desire? I have changed, renewed the very blood in your veins."

But their wedlock has not been formally solemnized, Satan tells the woman, and he is a stickler for propriety. They must be made one forever. His motto is all or nothing. That is why he has had her tormented by the Baron's men, pursued by the Church, beset by the villagers, betrayed by the husband she made prosperous . . . to ripen her for his embraces.

"I am particular," Satan confesses. "I pick and choose; I do not, as folk think, accept every silly soul that may be ready to give itself to my power. I am for select souls, at the right toothsome crisis of fury and despair. . . . You are more desirable than ever before, you are a delectable soul for Satan. . . ."

The spirit promises her whatever wedding present she might desire. The woman declares: "Great sir, I want nothing but the power of working ill."

Satan compliments her on a right and charming answer that ". . . comprehends everything, both the Law and the Prophets." She has accepted Satan, the Prince of this World, as her master. Woman has become Satanic Witch.

In the Middle Ages, Satan appeared to his "brides" most often in the guise of a black man. Since there was nothing Negroid about the Prince of this World's appearance, one should not assume that his color had anything to do with racial bias. The eminent French jurist, Henri Boguet, who often wrestled with the problem of Witchcraft and Satanism in his courtroom, stated that he believed that there were two principal reasons why the Devil most often appeared black in color. First, he held that the Father and Ruler of Darkness may not be able to so completely disguise himself that those he visits will not know who he really is; and second, his color is a proof that his own ambition is to do evil, for black had been an ancient and universal symbol for evil.

The jurors at the Inquisition seemed most eager to learn the intimate details of Satan's anatomy, and with properly applied torture, the witches freely released such confidential information.

Some testified that Satan wore his penis at his rear, so that he might do everything in a manner backward from that of man, including sexual intercourse. Others swore that their Lord had a penis both in front and back, a physical anomaly that was used to great advantage during the sexual orgies of the Black Sabbat.

Satan was, on certain occasions, said to have a long, snake-like penis that was three-pronged, so that he might engage a witch in simultaneous coitus, sodomy, and fellatio.

As might be supposed, the tribunals of the Inquisition were extremely interested in a clear description of Satan's penis. As might also be expected, they received numerous firsthand accounts.

The unholy organ of the Prince of this World was said to be a pointed horn covered with rough protuderances. It was also often described as being covered

with scales which could be opened out like barbs once penetration had been accomplished. The rocking, sliding motion of intercourse and the withdrawal of the penis would thereby bring the witch a great deal of pain and cause her to bleed from the vagina. Certain witches described the demonic penis as being a living, supple, serpentine thing, which could slide into their vaginas and coil and uncoil until it brought them into orgasmic frenzy. Others had been forced to submit to a rod as hard and as unbending as steel or stone.

Since, as we have already seen, Satan, or his High Priest, engaged in coitus with all the witches and the females in the congregation assembled for each Black Sabbat, it would seem likely that the High Priest had to have employed a dildo in order to permit him to complete the mass servicing of females. Of course, if Satan actually appeared, as some witches swore, then a spirit in corporeal form could, theoretically, continue to perform indefinitely. The Devil-High Priest was usually described as having a large organ but no testicles. This anatomical anomaly also seems to support the dildo theory—and it is quite unlikely that the artificial penis would have been fashioned of wood, stone, or horn. The semen, to which so many witches referred, might have been water from an icy stream funneled into the dildo, as we have discussed in a previous chapter.

The psychopathology involved in fantasizing sexual intercourse with a god, Satan, also came very much into play in those numerous cases wherein a woman or a man claimed to have had relations with a familiar spirit, known as an incubus (male) or a succubus (female). According to tradition, these lustful demons were the children of Father Adam's intercourse with a beautiful fallen angel named Lilith, who in the view of certain Jewish mystics, was the wife of Adam be-

fore the creation of Eve. Other mystics maintain that Lilith was but a "fantasy wife" for Adam as he existed in his loneliness before Jehovah separated him from his rib and gave him a mortal wife. If Lilith were nothing but the projected personification of Adam's lustful imagination, then his sexual relationship with her was nothing but masturbation accompanied by fantasy. Occultists favoring this interpretation point out that the incubi and succubi were then born of Adam's spilled semen, and they warn that, even today, the human imagination that dwells upon sexual daydreams and fantasies may ejaculate an ethereal, or psychic, sperm which contains the seed for these demon lovers.

In the demon-ridden Middle Ages, sexy succubi and insistent incubi hovered above every bedstead and beset the pure and the chaste with greater vehemence than the incontinent. Although the demons themselves were sterile, they stood ever ready to catch the semen from a young man's nocturnal emission and rush it to a sleeping virgin, thereby impregnating her without her knowledge.

The succubi appeared to young men as beautiful naked women, tempting and promising. After the bewitched victim had mounted the demon and spent his seed within her, the semen might be whisked across the land to the bedroom of a young woman where a handsome incubus would be waiting for captured semen to spurt into the venus chamber of his seduced victim.

The heavy cloud of sexual guilt that hung over the Middle Ages must surely have spawned a million incubi and succubi every night. A young man's nocturnal emission is almost always accompanied by a sensual and pleasant dream fantasy. But, as the young man lies there awakened by the warmth and moistness that has spread over his private parts, he is reminded of the Church-inspired censure against all pleasure, particu-

larly pleasures of the flesh, and most especially, the heinous crime of masturbation. No, no, it was not masturbation the young man assures himself. He remembers the dream, the delicious dream of the buxom maid who raised her skirts and let him break a lance with her. That was no dream! A succubus materialized in his room and seduced him in the guise of a fair maiden.

Then there is the young woman who gives in to her young man and permits him to partake of the ultimate liberties. But she was a virgin and has now committed adultery against Christ! She cannot bear the terrible penance which will be exacted upon them. After a moment's reflection, she reconsiders. It could not have been her sweetheart. Did he not tell her two nights ago that he would be laboring in a far away place for a week and would not be able to visit her for several nights? Lo, a terrible incubus has seduced her in the guise of her beloved!

And consider the weak priest, of which there were too many in the decadence that was the Medieval Church. Blonde Mary is too much for any mortal man to resist in the first bloom of her womanhood. She is so lovely, so fair, so devout, so easy a victim for an older man who knows how to employ clever words to their best advantage. Months later, when Mary and her angered parents approach him with the accusation that he is responsible for the impregnation that is swelling her stomach, the suave priest may fall back on the evil incubus as his out. "Don't you see?" he will thunder. "An incubus took my shape so that it might deceive poor Mary. And now she has been tainted by evil. I must see to her penance at once!"

And then, of course, there were the witches, straining at the yoke imposed upon them by their Feudal masters, boiling with the sexual frustrations levied upon them by the Church, anguishing in their extreme pov-

erty. A demon lover made them feel important, special, a votary of supernatural forces.

Witches who yielded to their incubi compared the pains accompanying intercourse to the pangs of childbearing. Female witches complained of their demon lovers' ice cold penis, while the majority of male witches lodged a common complaint against the vaginas of their succubi. There were those witches who confessed that their demon's organ set their bellies on fire, while some, in the apparent interest of compromise, stated that their spirit lover's penis was like ice going in, but like flame when it came out.

In his *Demonolatry*, Remy writes of several witches who complained of the agony of intercourse with demons:

". . . They who have spoken to us of their copulations with Demons agree in saying that nothing colder or more unpleasant could be imagined or described. At Dalheim, Petrone of Armentieres declared that as soon as he embraced his Abrahel [a succubus] all his limbs at once grew stiff. Hennezel at Vergaville, July, 1586, said that it was as if he had entered an icebound cavity. . . . Female witches maintain the . . . genital organs of their Demons are so huge and excessively rigid that they cannot be admitted without the greatest pain. Alexee Drigie (at Haraucourt, November 10, 1586) reported that her Demon's penis, even when only half in erection, was as long as kitchen utensils, which she pointed to as she spoke; and that there were neither testicles nor scrotum attached to it. Claudia Fellet (at Mazieres, November 1, 1584) said that she had often felt it like a spindle swollen to an immense size so that it could not be contained by even the most capacious woman without pain. . . . Nicole Morele (at Serre, January 19, 1587) [said] that, after such miserable copulation, she always had to go straight to

bed. . . . Didatia of Miremont (at Preny, July 31, 1588) also said that although she had many years of experience of men, she was always so stretched by the huge swollen member of her Demon that the sheets were drenched with blood. . . ."

Although I agree with the writers who see the descriptions of the devils' and demons' penes as being essentially composed of hallucinatory experience coupled with the High Priest and his artificial phallus, I think it interesting to note that the descriptions of the icy organ and the cold touch of the demon lovers correlate with the descriptions which spirit mediums have given of the approach and the control of their spirit guide. Indeed, the body temperature of such sensitives may be seen to drop when the control has taken temporary possession of their bodies. I discussed the sexual responses of mediums before, during, and after trance at some length in my *Sex and the Supernatural.*

In his *Eros and Evil,* R. E. L. Masters remarks on the dearth of literature concerning the experiences of men who succumbed to seductive succubi in contrast to the enormous number of recorded cases wherein women found the incubi irresistible. "This did not, of course, imply that succubi were less seductive than incubi, and in fact the reverse seems to have been the case," Masters says. "The stories rested upon the belief that women, ragingly lustful and naturally inclined to vice, would always put up defenses more feeble than those offered by males."

The central problem in the whole matter of incubi and succubi is whether or not the demons may, at least temporarily, fashion material bodies with which to accomplish sexual intercourse. It is difficult to conceive of a spirit even desiring coitus with a body of flesh, to say nothing of a non-physical entity engaging in a completely physical activity. If a demon lover should

be an elemental spirit, or a fallen angel, as the witches claim, then sex orgies and sexual desire should be foreign to its amorphous, asexual state. If a demon lover should be a product of the subconscious, then one might be able to liken these states of coldness and vaginal penetration to a stigmata-like manifestation of mind over matter. If a demon lover should be a disembodied spirit of the dead, then one might wish to return to retaste the pleasures of the flesh or to enter and to possess a living body. Then, too, a demon lover could well be the astral body of an Occultist, who has learned the art of literally being in two places at one time.

The idea of "mind travelling" through space and time apart from the sluggish and spatially limited body is being taken very seriously by a good number of respectable scientists (see my *Mind Travellers*). Whether or not a projected aspect of mind can actually perform such physical maneuvers as sexual intercourse on a living human is, of course, open to a great deal of skepticism.

Church authorities dealt with the demons' corporeal condition by advancing such theories as these: Incubi and succubi fashion temporary bodies out of water vapor or gases; they have no actual physical bodies, but they possess the power of creating an illusion of corporeality; they inhabit recently deceased corpses and animate them for the purpose of coitus with the living; they actually have material bodies which they can transform into any shape which they so desire.

Father Montague Summers, that indefatigable pursuer of witches and werewolves, theorized that such demons as the incubi and the succubi might be composed of that same substance (ectoplasm) from which the spirits of the dead draw their temporary body during materialization seances. He reasoned that such a

psychic drainage could occur if a frustrated young person encouraged the attentions of an evil entity by ". . . longing thoughts and concentrated will power." Although Father Summers does not give the afflicted the benefit of the doubt, one might add that such a concentrated longing could take place entirely on the subconscious level. His point, however, seems well taken when one considers that sitters at materialization seances have described ectoplasm as being cold to the touch and of generally issuing forth from the body of the medium in a viscious, serpentine mass.

In my own *Sex and the Supernatural*, I theorize whether or not the incubus and the succubus might not be ". . . a psychokinetically projected personification of that dark, inaccessible part of the psyche in which resides the center of primitive instincts and the drive for sexual gratification. Perhaps a poltergeist becomes an incubus when its unconscious energy center has passed puberty and has either had preliminary sexual experience or else has thought a great deal about sex. The demon lover may cater to a particular psychic need brought about by the sexual frustration of the selfish, the self-centered, the narcissistic, who, because of their inner-directedness, fail to make a satisfactory sexual adjustment with a living love object and perhaps even prefer to fantasize a sex partner while masturbating."

Although some readers may find the next statement a bit startling, incubi, succubi, and human brides of Satan do not belong only to the Middle Ages or to a less enlightened past. I have both interviewed and corresponded with men and women who claim to have been sexually seduced, abused, or assaulted by a demon lover. I have encountered a few individuals who prefer the arrangement with their spirit mate to any

which they had previously experienced with mortal men and women. Some of these people, who have set up a most bizarre domestic situation with these entities, claim even to have mothered/fathered spirit children! Weird examples of sexual psychopathology? In some cases it is not always so easy to determine exactly what may be at work—abnormal psychology or a sliding back of the flimsy portals that separate one level of existence from another.

The October, 1968, issue of *Beyond* magazine carried a "special bonus Witchcraft section" which contained a number of interesting contemporary tales of young women who allegedly possessed either demon lovers (or rapists!) and of at least one young woman who took delight in being Satan's bride. Admittedly, there is not a great deal of substantial collaborative evidence available to support these stories, but I include reference to them in this text so that, if nothing else, they might serve as examples to compare and contrast.

Nineteen-year-old Maria Fuentes of Oaxaca, Mexico, was institutionalized for murdering a spawn of Satan, or to the more objective court, her new-born baby, on January 11, 1968. According to *Beyond*, Maria had the misfortune of being befriended by an old woman named Madre Tico when the death of her mother left her homeless.

Maria claimed that bad things started happening to her as soon as she had moved in with Madre Tico. The old woman would sit up half the night chanting unintelligible words beside Maria's bed. From time to time, she decorated Maria's sleeping body with strange symbols. Understandably, Maria began to have terrible nightmares. And during the daylight hours, her body began to feel as though it were not her own, as if some unknown force were trying to enter her flesh.

One night Pepe arrived on the scene. Madre Tico

introduced the lad as her nephew. Maria did not feel warmly toward him: "He was very dark, with eyes like burning coals. When he shook my hand, his flesh made me feel as if I had something oozing over my hand. I found him revolting. He terrified me. Yet when he looked at me, I felt powerless. . . ."

The strange soup which Madre Tico served that night did nothing at all to restore Maria's confidence. It burned her throat like fire, but worse was Pepe's increased interest in her body.

"I felt Pepe's eyes on me like worms crawling over my flesh," Maria allegedly told a reporter from *Beyond*. "He threw off his clothes and came to bed with me. I was powerless to resist. Although I loathed him, I was drawn to him. I don't know what happened that night, but I had the most horrible and violent nightmare."

When Maria awoke to find Pepe gone and Madre Tico standing above her with a sinister smile on her wrinkled lips, the young woman should have had a pretty good idea of what had happened that night. In any event, Madre Tico soon spelled it all out for her: "Now you belong to the Prince of Darkness. One of his demons has possessed your flesh. You will bear a child of Satan. It is an honor."

Maria saw the whole affair from a different point of view than Madre Tico's, but the old crone would not allow her out of her sight for the next nine months. The young woman was forced to gulp down all sorts of weird concoctions and to submit to having bizarre symbols painted on her abdomen.

On her delivery day, Maria lay moaning and writhing amidst an assortment of obscenely fashioned idols and an upside-down cross. The young woman suffered through a twelve-hour labor, then Madre Tico

released a cry of joy and held the baby so that the mother might behold her child.

"It had," Maria tells us between sobs, "the face and the body of a frog!

"Its head was wedge-shaped, and the nose flattened out with the mouth just below it stretched enormously from ear to ear. The eyes bulged out of the flat skull, and a pointed tongue hung from its mouth. And both its hands and feet were, God help me, webbed."

Somehow Maria managed to wrench the child from Madre Tico's grasp. With a strength born of desperation, the young mother bashed in her son's tiny skull. Ugly or not, the police decided when they examined the infant's corpse, Maria must pay for killing it.

"I have no regrets for killing that spawn of the devil," Maria told *Beyond*'s reporter from the confines of an asylum.

Sixteen-year-old Norah Kovecs was tried by a court in Szombathely, Hungary for abandoning her new-born baby on the altar of a church on March 3, 1968. It seems that she, too, gave birth to a demon's child after she accepted a ride with a handsome young man, who took her to some ancient castle ruins where a group of Satanists were engaged in summoning the Prince of Darkness.

Before Norah knew what was happening, an upside-down cross had been placed on her forehead, a strangely sweet smell from one of the bonfires was making her drowsy, and the young man was approaching her with "eyes burning like live coals" and electricity radiating from his flesh. She regained consciousness in an alley back in the city. Within a week, Norah knew that she was pregnant.

Nine months later, young Norah Kovecs allegedly gave birth to a male child possessed of tiny horn buds

on his skull and a tail bud at the base of his spine. Norah abandoned the child before the altar of a church in the hope that the curse might be lifted from its infant body. The exposure, of course, only brought about the child's death.

If the two tales related above are at all to be believed, we have seen that in each instance a solid young man of rather dubious and possibly demonic character, has impregnanted the young women in behalf of his Satanic Majesty. In the case of Maria Fuentes, we are led to believe that "Pepe" was in reality a "demon" in human form. The mysterious young man with the burning eyes who raped young Norah appears to have been only the Devil's proxy.

A story much easier to accept appears in the same issue of *Beyond* under the title, "Young French Girl Claims to Be Bride of Satan, Bears Stillborn Child of 'King Lucifer.' " In this article, fourteen-year-old Muguette Dubois is made pregnant by a young Satanist who fancies himself as "King Lucifer." To sate his jaded appetites, the wealthy Devil-worshipper conducts hedonistic Black Sabbats during which he personally initiates as many virgins into the delights of the flesh as his virility will permit.

To protect himself and his fellow Satanists, "King Lucifer" has conditioned each of his little devil's playmates to respond only to his post-hypnotic suggestion. The police and Muguette's outraged parents must wait helplessly for the Satanist to contact the young girl.

At last a phone call comes from King Lucifer. He bids his bride to contact as many of her young companions who have previously worshipped in the coven as possible and to meet at the usual place eight nights hence. At that time, he promises Muguette, she will Queen of Hell.

On the appointed night, King Lucifer and five other

young men assemble in the woods to await the young women. At the brides' arrival, all clothing is divested and obscene chants are sung as the chalice is passed from mouth to mouth. When the last Satanist has drunk from the cup, each young man seizes the naked young woman of his choice and leads her to a smooth spot on the grass. At this point, the police rush in to nab the Satanists before the act.

And King Lucifer gamboled, *Beyond* tells us, in sunny Provence in the south of France.

I must admit that I do not quite know what to make of the correspondence which I receive from women who claim to have had "demon lovers." First of all, none of the women with whom I have corresponded regarding the incubus are witches or Satanists. Secondly, I received most of these letters long before *Rosemary's Baby* became such a success (and filled so many young and impressionable minds with Satanic symbols), husbands who sell their souls to the Devil, and meddlesome next-door neighbors who cultivate young women to serve an incubators for their anti-Christs.

What does one make of such a letter as the following? Sexual psychopathology born of frustration and fantasized with fulfillment, or a young woman who has in some way become a battery of energy for some entity from another plane of existence?

"I had attended a movie with some girl friends, and I said good-bye to them in the small hamburger place where we stopped for a snack afterwards. Two of the girls roomed together and the other gal lived at home with her parents. I had had a roommate, but she left me for marriage over four months ago. I put off looking for a new roomie, because I guess I wanted to try the 'sex and the single girl' bit of fixing breakfast for

a lover the morning after, and for a while there, before the draft got him, there was this fellow at work who I thought would be a likely candidate for my eggs and bacon.

"Anyway, I got home and went right to bed. I had lain there only a few minutes when I was certain that I heard footsteps in my bedroom. I sat up and looked around. I didn't turn on any light, because there's a streetlight outside my apartment that lights it up pretty good inside. There was no one.

"I was just settling back down, when I felt a pressure on the side of my bed, as if someone were setting down beside me. I'm not certain if I saw something just a bit blacker than the dim light in my room or not, but I *know* that I felt a heavy pressure cover the entire length of my body.

"I struggled against the weight of this invisible thing, but it seemed like it had a dozen hands, all pinning me down against the mattress. I tried to scream, but could not make sound come out. I don't know if I was struck dumb with terror or not, but I couldn't make any vocal cords work.

". . . There was a deep coldness that seemed to seep through my blankets from that thing on top of me. Finally, in desperation, I managed to scream: 'For the love of God, leave me alone.'

"And it did. Honest to God. It was gone. I don't blame you if you think I'm crazy—I was afraid I had flipped, too—but that's the way it happened."

But what really did happen? This girl had no previous psychic experiences; she was not a witch or a Satanist who believed that she had brought home an invisible bedmate. Had some fragment of her psyche disassociated itself from the spatial limitations of time and space and sought to ease her loneliness? Or had some

entity, some demon lover, sought to possess her for some purpose at which we may only guess?

Another woman told me of hearing footsteps ascending her stairs, then heading straight for her bed. Again there was the pressure at the side of the bed, as if someone had sat down. This thing, whatever it was, got beneath my correspondent's covers and convinced her that something very tangible, yet invisible, had very earthy designs toward her.

"I seemed powerless to stop it," the woman writes, "or maybe I didn't want to stop it. I found out, in the way that only a woman can know, that the thing in my bed was *male.*"

There, rather explicit, is a confession from what would seem to be an intelligent woman, college-educated, background in the physical sciences, who admitted that she had allowed something invisible, something completely beyond her ken, to have sexual relations with her.

A college co-ed admitted that her experience with an incubus came after she had been working an *ouija* board with some friends while on Christmas vaction from school.

"Some really foul things came through," she writes. "Really obscene nasties. It seemed obvious that we must only be tapping our subconscious levels. The other kids went home, and I was reading in my room. Both my folks were downstairs, and my two brothers were out on dates.

". . . After about five minutes alone, my attention was directed toward a strange scratching sound in a corner of the room. It sounded kind of like a mouse, which seemed improbable, but certainly not impossible.

"Then I swear that I saw a book pull itself out about three inches from the shelf. I started feeling really eerie, like when you watch a spooky movie. Then it

was like someone sat down beside me on the bed, and I swear that it was as if two invisible hands reached out and squeezed my breasts!

"I got up and left the room. I knew that I wasn't going to sleep in my bed that night, and I knew that I couldn't tell my folks why or they would think that I had wigged out on them—probably accuse me and the girls of smoking pot all night. I sat down and made like I was going to watch the late movie, then, when the folks went to bed, I just slept on the couch that night.

"The next morning the whole thing seemed silly. I walked in my room, arched my back so that my breasts stuck out. 'Any takers?' I asked, pretty brave in broad daylight.

"Nothing happened and it never has since, but I did get rid of that *ouija* board."

Again, this young woman was not a witch, Satanist, or Spiritualist, although she had been indiscriminately attempting to use an *ouija* board and may have attracted certain psychic "vibrations" to her vulnerable psyche. *Ouija* boards should not really be used as parlor games. I have received several letters from readers who have had rather unpleasant or rather bizarre (and often obscene) experiences with this kind of ostensible "spirit" communication, which generally only releases some thing from the subconscious which is better left dormant.

At this time I do not have any contemporary accounts from any witches who claim to have wrestled with incubi or succubi. The literature of Witchcraft and Satanism fairly swells with tales of witches glorying in the prowess of their lusty demon lover and of witches suffering under the plunges of Satan's large and formidable barbed penis, but nowadays it seems that the incubi seek their mortal lovers from those women who are in no way associated with the Satanic sisterhood. Perhaps

it is their way of proselytzing and of doing missionary work among the lonely, the frustrated, the insecure, or the latently mediumistic.

I have spoken with mediums who claim to have had spirit lovers, and I know of two mediums who claim to have had spirit children by their ethereal spouses. I quite often receive accounts from women who claim to have continued regular sexual relations with their deceased husbands, who visit them in spirit form.

There is no question that this entire area of demon lovers and Satanic brides offers a great deal of challenge to the psychologist and a good share of the enigma rightly belongs within his special province; but there is also something here that smacks very much of a most intriguing Unknown factor that may truly lie in the province of the theologian, the occultist, and those who explore the intriguing clues left by other planes of existence.

CHAPTER FIVE

SPELLS, HEXES, AND LOVE CHARMS

When a Witch One Is in Love

Romance often hits us witchie ones in the fall.
Then it is we hear the Pipes of Pan,
And feel, rather than hear, the wild, cosmic call
A forewarning of the coming of the beloved God-man.
Finally, when we meet, we are thrown into the magic
Of an ecstatic Dream where anything can happen!
This, to us, is all of eternity and immortality.

by Witch Eliza
(from *The Laughing Cat*, October, 1968)

A few years ago, I corresponded with a practitioner of Black Magic who had set up a retail outlet to supply witches with the genuine articles needed for Occult research. According to my correspondent (I am certain that he, or she, never gave me his real name): "We have done a tremendous amount of research and experimentation over more than twenty years to be able to offer potions and mixtures that are absolutely identical to the ancient, original formulas.

"A great deal of time, travel, and money went into our Black Magic shop. We import from all corners of

the world, and we have an acquaintanceship with Occultists in all parts of the globe. Our supply center serves the purpose of being probably the only source we know of for the genuine materials. There are other firms, but their merchandise is factory produced."

My black magician correspondent felt that a "gifted" person could make satisfactory use of the three hundred items and over one thousand herbs which the shop kept in stock. They did not, however, issue guaranteees. "Anybody who would make guarantees in this field is either a fool or a charlatan," he told me.

In his opinion, the Occult was mainly allegorical and hid certain basic, scientific truths. "Obviously," he pointed out, "superstition and ignorance have colored Black Magic and thus given it a bad name. If one approaches the Occult from a strictly objective viewpoint, it will prove to be one of the most fascinating subjects which one can study. There are so many ramifications and complexities that no one person could master the Occult in one lifetime. In our coven, we found that the only way to make any real headway was to have each member specialize in certain aspects of Black Magic, while, at the same time, maintaining a general knowledge of the entire field. In this manner, we always have an expert on hand.

"Black Magic does not have to stand for evil," he pointed out, "although that is the generally accepted connotation.

"Black Magic involves Ceremonial Magic with reference to beings and forces from other planes. As a rule, Black Magic is used for the purpose of self-gain. However, it can serve other purposes just as well, and it can be used for the same reasons as White Magic. In our opinion, it is the purpose that counts, assuming no harm is attendant.

"We certainly are not advocating any means to gain the end result, but White Magic in itself has certain limitations.

"Both forms of magic should be used as long as the purpose is good, and the most ideal usage is its employment for the gaining of knowledge. Those who are sincere, follow this path. Naturally there are pitfalls and dangerous areas, but is this not also true of everyday, mundane life?"

With the reader now forewarned that "pitfalls and dangerous areas" may exist in any serious attempt to make charms and incantations work effectively, herewith are a number of abridged Black Magic spells. No spell is given in its complete form, as the author desires neither blame nor praise for a particular charm's success or failure.

AN INVOCATION TO DIANA, THE MOON GODDESS, TO ENABLE ONE TO DISCOVER AN OBJECT WHICH ONE WISHES TO FIND OR TO BUY

'Tis——(Name of day) now, and at an early hour
I fain would turn good fortune to myself,
Firstly at home and then when I go forth,
And with the aid of beautiful *Diana*
I pray for luck ere I do leave this house!

Three drops of a magic oil are now required. These are given in propitiation to Diana with the supplication that she will remove any evil influence which might be lurking about and send it straightaway to the supplicant's worst enemy.

Then well contented
I will go forth to roam,
Because I shall be sure that with thy aid
I shall discover ere I return
Some——(whatever object the supplicant desires)
And at a moderate price.

The spell concludes with an additional plea to enchant the owner of the desired object into parting with it "at little cost" to the supplicant. Today's modern competitive supermarket shopper would certainly see the advantages of such a charm.

A SPELL TO DRAW A LOVED ONE

A male witch, who worships Diana has, allegedly, at his command a spell of terrible power. It is said that a witch who desires the love of a certain woman can beseech Diana, who is always pictured with a hunting dog at her side, to change the object of his lust into a dog! The enchanted one will come to the male witch's bedroom and be at that moment restructured as a woman. Spellbound, she will lie with the witch, then, when he has had his pleasure, she will once again be transferred into a dog for her return trip to her own bed chamber. When she awakens the next morning, she will have no memory of her strange, midnight journey.

Diana, bella Diana!
(Diana, beautiful, Diana!)
Che tanto bella e buona siei,

(Who are indeed as good as beautiful,)
By all the worship I have given thee . . .
. . . I do implore thee aid me in my love!
What thou wilt 'tis true
Thou canst ever do:

The spell now asks for specifics and beseeches Aradia, daughter of Diana, to go to the bedside of the desired one and to transform her into the likeness of a dog.

And make her then come to me in my room,
But when she once has entered it, I pray
That she may reassume her human form,
As beautiful as e'er she was before,
And may I then make love to her until
Our souls with joy are fully satisfied.

The incantation terminates with the prayer that the enchanted woman be once again transformed into a dog, transported back to her own bed unseen and unsuspected, so that she may awaken on the morn and think it all a dream.

In the March, 1965, issue of the British Witchcraft Review, *Pentagram,* a witch under the initials of W. G. offers a "useful tree-spell." Trees, the witch explains, are a ". . . good source of radiant vitality on a very low-frequency scale" and may be drawn upon for "relief, and even cure, of backache conditions."

The prospective spellbinder is advised to select a suitable tree, "strong, upright, free from distortions . . . and of good size." Ash, spruce, and birch (definitely not yew) are recommended. For best results, the tree should be situated as far away from "human contamination" as possible.

Once a proper tree has been selected, the witch "makes friends" with it by "touching it, talking to it, and thinking into it." The tree should be circled nine times while the witch touches it gently with his fingertips or with the tip of his staff. Upon the completion of the encirclement, the witch takes a final position to the North, leans back against the tree "firmly as if in the arms of a friend," and reaches his hands behind him so that they might touch the bark of the tree. In this position, the witch chants audibly or to himself:

O Tree;
Strong Tree; King Tree:
Take thou this weakness of my back.
Give me strength instead.
That I may be as upright as thyself
Between the Heavens (*look up*)
And the Earth beneath (*look down*)
Secure from storm
And blessed in every branch.
May this be so!

The witch should repeat the incantation until he begins to feel a rapport with the tree. Once this has been sensed, the witch should relax, lean back against the tree, and allow it to work on his back for ten minutes.

"After a little while," W. G. tells us, "there should be a 'pulling out' feeling in the back which varies with individuals. When it is felt that the treatment is over, break contact gently, thank the Nature Spirits for their help, 'pay' the tree by sticking a pin into the bark, and take a small piece of the bark for a 'pocket-link' to carry with you."

USING THE WAX IMAGE TO CHARM OR HEX

Every magic tradition in every culture utilizes the wax image to represent a hated enemy or a desired loved one.

To properly effect such a spell, it is generally required to obtain some personal bit of the object of one's intentions, i.e., nail parings, hair, excrement, saliva, and mix this in with soft wax. Once this has been accomplished, the wax may be shaped into the form of either a male or female figure.

In one rather vicious ritual, the witch holds the image over a flame each nightfall for seven consecutive nights. As the image is being scorched, she chants: "I do not scorch wax, it is the heart of———(name of person) that I scorch! I do not scorch wax, it is the leg of———that I scorch! I do not scorch wax, it is the liver of———that I scorch," and so on. After the seventh night, the figure is resigned to the flames to be completely consumed.

Another method of wax image magic calls for the witch to fashion a wax skeleton and to inscribe the name of the intended victim on its back. The image is then pierced with a thorn or a sharpened twig in the area corresponding to the victim's body part which the witch desires to pain. Once pierced, the skeleton is to be wrapped in a shroud and prayed over as if it were a deceased person. When the death-rites have been accomplished, the effigy must be buried in a spot over which the intended victim is certain to walk.

If the witch is so filled with hatred toward his enemy that he does not wish to let him off with a burning sensation in his liver or a sharp pain in his stomach,

he chants the following incantation over an image of his intended foe while sprinkling the effigy with dirty water:

"Arator, Lapidator, Omtator, Seductor, Onerator, Vos Omnes it ministri odey et distructiones et seratore discorde et qui libetar opera facitis et tractibus et quod eat noce vos conurase idec vos conniro et deprecur, quod ad minstrer et consecrots ista imagnem et odid fiat mier alva———(name of victim), et———(name of victim)."

Upon completion of the curse, the image must be viciously destroyed.

Of course waxen images may also be used to accomplish unions of love as well as terrible deeds of hatred and revenge. In order to weave a love spell with wax effigies, one should fashion two hearts of wax, baptize them with the lovers' names, then join the hearts together with three pins. The images should then be given to the one who desires such a union so that she might press the wax hearts to her own own heart.

CASTING SPELLS WITH CANDLES

Since the Middle Ages it has been believed that a candle formed in the image of a witch and burned with the proper incantation can bring love to the magician. Such witch-candles are still available, especially around Halloween, and certain love-seekers might see fit to buy up a healthy supply from their local variety stores. According to tradition, a red-colored witch candle brings about the best results.

First, goes the spell, annoint the witch-candle with perfume to signify femininity. Once this has been done, allow the candle to burn for ten minutes and offer this

short invocation: "O Witch, let this offering to you help bring my lover———(name) to me for now and forevermore."

The invocation should be made at sunset. It should be said once over the flame of the witch-candle, then the candle should be extinguished and the invocation repeated over the smoking wick. The spell should be repeated on consecutive sunsets until the candle has been consumed.

A black candle formed in the shape of a skull (also readily available around Halloween) has long been utilized in ceremonial magic to lay curses. The skull-candle should be burned at midnight and a proclamation, which has been formally written on paper, is to be read above the flame: "In the name of the Mystic Skull, I———(the magician's name) do hereby place the curse of Althazar and Gaap and Flauros upon thee,———(victim's name)."

The candle must be annointed with a certain kind of oil and must be burned for exactly one-half hour, beginning precisely at midnight. The process should be repeated on the following night, and this time, the proclamation should be burned near the end of the half-hour period. The ashes of the paper should be left before the sputtering candle for the remaining few minutes, then the flame should be snuffed.

Power and success may be gained through the ritual burning of a candle formed to the shape of a mummy's sarcophagus. One first anoints the candle with a special oil and sets before it an incense offering of sandalwood or myrrh. A parchment marked with specific hieroglyphics is laid over the burning incense and the candle is lighted to the following incantation:

"The Soul of the Gods is in Unas, their Spirit-Souls are with Unas and the offerings made unto him are more than those made unto the Gods. Unas is the

Great Power, the Power of Powers, and this offering will bring his powers unto——(the magician's name), who does it, and success shall be mine."

If one should feel that he has become the unwelcome recipient of a candle spell, he may reverse its effect through an ancient Medieval candle burning ceremony.

The alerted victim should, for five nights in a row, light two large, black candles just as the sun is phasing into dusk. As the candles burn, the supplicant should recite this invocation:

"Beezlebub and all evil spirits, in the name of Astaroth and the Light and the Dark and the Gods of the Netherworld, remove thy curse and thy sting from the heart of——(the supplicant's name), and whosoever shall be casting a curse against me, let he or she suffer his own curse. Let these candles be his candles, this burning be his burning, this curse be his curse. Let the pain that he has caused me fall upon himself!"

The two candles must be allowed to be completely consumed each night.

ABRACADABRA!

The most famous magic word of all is not just part of a stage magician's patter. It was recorded as an *ancient* spell as early as the third century. Some scholars aver that the charm goes back to the Chaldeans of Babylonia and that the pronunciation of the word translates almost precisely into modern English. According to some authorities, the charm was used to lower fevers. As the afflicted one whittled away at the word, so would the fever be removed from his body. To assure a speedy recovery, the charm was written on a piece of

parchment and hung about the patient's neck by a cord. The word is to be said and rapidly repeated in this manner:

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D A
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

THE ANCIENT LUCKY SEVEN LOVE SPELL

This spell goes back to the early Middle Ages and has become a legendary magical method of gaining a desired lover's affection. It requires a cauldron of the first rain water in April.

As the water boils, the following ingredients are to be collected and stirred into the Cupid's brew: seven hairs from a blood snake, seven feathers from an owl, seven scales from a snake, a hair from the object of love and a bit of his nail paring.

When all the ingredients have been incorporated into the cauldron, the witch should allow the magical "stew" to boil briskly for seven minutes. At the end of this time, she must permit the brew to cool before she sprinkles it upon her intended. It should be her desire merely to warm her lover up a bit, not to scald him!

(*Author's note*: All of the above ingredients seem relatively easy to obtain with the exception of the

"seven hairs from a blood snake." After burrowing through several reference works, I found that "blood worm" was a slang term for sausage and bologna. It may be that "blood snake" was also a colloquialism for sausage prepared in the gut and/or hide of a pig. In that case, a "blood snake" could, perhaps, yield seven hairs.)

A SPELL FOR SUMMONING A SPIRIT OF THE DEAD

An ancient grimoire, *Le Dragon Rouge*, yields this ritual for raising a spirit of the dead for the purpose of consultation and divination.

The magician must assist at a Christmas midnight Mass in a Church. When the priest raises the host, the magician must whisper softly to himself: "The dead must rise and come to me."

Once this has been accomplished, the Black Magician should quietly leave the Church and walk directly to a graveyard. He must stop at the first gravestone and recite:

"O Infernal Powers who carry disturbances into the Universe, leave your somber habitation and transport yourselves to the place beyond the Styx. If you hold in your power the one whom I call, I conjure thee to allow the spirit———(name of spirit desired) to appear at the hour I choose."

At that point, the conjurer must kneel, scoop up a handful of dirt and cast it about him, saying:

"May he who is dust wake from his sleep. May ———(name of spirit desired) step out of his dust and answer to my demands, which I make in the name of the Lord of this Earth, my Holy Satan!"

After this conjuration has been repeated, the Black Magician is to drop to one knee and face East until sunrise. At the first rays from the rising sun, he is to take two human bones and hold them before him like a cross.

With the grim mock crucifix held at arms' length before him, the sorcerer is to leave the graveyard and toss the bones into the first church which he passes. This final act of sacrilege behind him, he must continue to walk exactly 5,900 steps due North before he prostrates himself on the ground, his hands on his legs, his eyes turned toward the pale moon of morning. At that time he repeats his summons to the dead.

According to those who ostensibly practiced such rituals, the spirit would then appear for interrogation by the Black Magician. After the sorcerer had gained whatever knowledge he sought, the disturbed soul was dismissed by the necromancer saying: "Return to the Kingdom of the Dead. I have been satisfied by your coming here."

Once the spirit has returned to the ether, the magician must return at once to the gravestone at which he had stopped the midnight before and trace a cross on it with his left hand. *Le Dragon Rouge* warns that ghastly horror will befall the sorcerer if he should vary the ritual by the slightest detail.

THE LOVE SPELL OF THE SEVEN KNOTS

The expression "tying the knot" when one speaks of the marriage vows seems to have almost universal meaning. African friends have told me of similar "knot-tying" love spells in their own tribes. Somehow it seems the most natural kind of symbolism to visualize the

binding of one's self to the object of one's secret love while the fingers weave the knots and the lips chant a soulful litany.

Here is how the Medieval love spell of the seven knots was woven:

The witch would take a length of cord or ribbon which would sustain seven knots strung out at a distance of about an inch from one another. According to the ritual, the first knot was to be tied in the middle of the cord with these words:

"This First Knot ties up and encircles the physical being of——(name of the loved one) so that he remains bound to me from this moment. The very utmost strength of my love and my will is within the circle and binds———to me."

At about the distance of one inch, the witch would form the second knot to the right of the first.

"With the Second Knot, I seize the will of——— with my own, which is like the strength of steel. My love———will not say anything or do anything that will not be in fullest accord with my wishes."

The third knot was tied to the left of the first knot.

"With the Third Knot I now encircle———'s love and clasp it firmly to mine. He will not be able to break away from me even though he might intend it. He will not be able to loosen my spell."

The fourth knot was to be placed to the right.

"The thoughts of my love will be completely held to my own. My love———will never be able to remove the image of my person from his mind. He will always execute my just desires as forcibly as I execute them now by the forces of our beautiful Diana and of the ardent prayer which I dedicate to our Horned God, so that the Prince of Light will ever be my counsel and keep me from bad intentions."

The fifth knot was done to the left.

"The Fifth Knot imprisons the heart of———, and he will not be able to, nor will he try to, fall in love with any other woman. His heart will be devoted only to my happiness and my love."

The sixth knot was bound on the right.

"The Sixth Knot binds———'s words, thoughts, doings, and desires to me alone from this day forward and forever more."

The last knot, the seventh, was secured to the left and with the speaking of the following words the spell neared completion.

"The Seventh Knot makes———'s love completely mine, and with this knot I completely enclose him with the magic circle of this magic ribbon. With this shall I surround his heart; with this shall I love his heart; with this shall I love his entire physical being and will that his physical being shall be mixed with my own physical person. With the tying of the Seventh Knot, we shall stand together forever, and nothing, nor any one, will be able to tear us asunder or destroy our happiness."

The incantation completed, the witch would then bind the two ends of the cord together and wear it in the manner of a garter upon her left arm above the elbow. The "seven-knot-love-garter" was to be worn to bed for seven alternate nights. Upon the fourteenth day, the charm was either to be burned in offering to Satan or Diana or to be hidden in a secret place.

CHAPTER SIX

THE INQUISITION'S SEXUAL TORTURES

"They've tied me to something big and flat. It's like a big table standing on its end. My hands are held fast by chains above my head, and my feet are held fast by chains around my ankles. Oh . . . Oh! Some men are turning a big wheel and that makes the chains on my wrists pull my arms tight. The man . . . the big man with the cross on his chest . . . he's asking me if I'll confess, but I don't know what he means. . . . Oh . . . Oh . . . dear God . . . the pain! The men turn the wheel . . . tight . . . the big man . . . he's a priest! But priests serve Jesus and the Virgin. Oh! He says they will make it worse unless I confess. Confession will be good for me . . . it will save my soul . . . Confess? But I'm not a witch! I'm not a witch . . . I'm not!"

Under hypnotic age regression, the young woman seemed to relive a past life as an unfortunate woman accused of Witchcraft. As her body twisted in pain with the ostensible memory of a life before her current physical existence, the hypnotic subject suffered her agonies at the hands of the Inquisition. Her arms were stiff above her as she seemed once again to be stretched on the rack. The hypnotist skillfully moved her ahead in time to remove her from the memory of pain.

"It is now your last day as Marie," he tells her. "Tell us what you see."

"Crowds. People singing. Hymns. They're singing hymns. People all around."

"Where are you?"

"Tied. My hands are tied behind me. I'm standing at a stake watching them pile wood and branches around my feet. But the Father has told me that I have saved my soul. Now I'll be with Jesus. The Blessed Virgin will cradle me in her arms. I have repented my sins."

"Were you a witch?"

"They said I was."

"But were you *really* a witch?"

(Facial contortions. The subject appears to be wrestling with the question.) "I must have been. . . . Oh . . . oh . . . the fire . . . it's so hot. Oh . . . Oh . . . ohhhhh. . . ."

There is no way to prove the prior physical existence of the entity who claimed to be a part of the college coed who sat slumped forward in the easy chair. Some authorities claim that as many as nine million people were condemned to death on the charge of Witchcraft by the various Tribunals of the Inquisition. I feel that figure to be quite high, but there is no question that more than a million innocents were broken on wheel and rack and led away to the waiting stake or noose. If one can accept the idea of reincarnation and the universal law that states that what one sows he shall one day reap, there is little surprise in discovering a young woman whose present-day fear of fire was traced back via hypnotic regression to another lifetime when she was burned at the stake as a witch. Surely, the karmic patterns of a great many people were indelibly set during those terrible times. Imagine the karmic burden of those who were employed as witch hunters, professional torturers, hangmen, executioners. Imagine the cycles of return which those stern-faced men who

sat in judgment of the accused must have set in motion for themselves.

Juliette Greco, one of France's most successful singers and actresses, says that she does not need hypnosis to recall her life as a witch. "Whether you believe it or not is up to you," she once told a reporter. "But I shall always be certain that in a former life, about four hundred years ago, I was a witch. What is more, I can remember being burned at the stake as a punishment for my prowess as a sorceress!"

A young woman told this author that she had once experienced a vision which she believed to be a vivid memory of a former lifetime as a victim of the Inquisition. She recalled the dank, subterranean torture chamber, the brutish men who twisted and branded her body with hot pokers; but, most of all, she remembered her last terrible moments on her funeral pyre before the flames consumed her flesh.

As a researcher and reporter in the area of "psi" (psychic) phenomena, I find such claimed memories and "far vision" enormously fascinating, and my studies have led me to keep a very open mind regarding the reality of reincarnation. However, since many readers may consider such experiences as peripheral to our subject, we had best return to an examination of what we can truly establish about the Inquisition.

Somewhere around 1490, two devout priests, James Sprenger and Henry Kramer, published their *Malleus Maleficarum*, the book that became the handbook of the professional Witch Hunters.

"As an intellectual achievement the work is almost of the first order," writes Charles Williams in his *Witchcraft*. "Nothing less like the common notion of the self-indulgence of half-mad sex perverts can be imagined. They deal with sex, of course, as any examination of a great part of life must, but there is no sign that they

were particularly interested in sex. They were interested in the Catholic Faith and its perpetuation, and they were, also and therefore, interested in the great effort which it seemed to them was then in existence to destroy and eradicate the Catholic Faith."

Williams is of the belief that Sprenger and Kramer proceeded with great care in the *Malleus Maleficarum* to examine the nature of Witchcraft and to analyze the best methods of operating against its menace. They took extreme pains to correct error, to instruct against ignorance, and to carefully direct action. "In spite of all this," Williams says, "the book is one of the most appalling that has ever been written."

Sprenger and Kramer make it clear that interference with sexual intercourse in marriage was one of the chief activities of the witches. They saw the witches as making use of their unholy alliance with Satan to corrupt the generative powers of man. In addition, witches sought to depopulate Christendom by demanding the sacrifice of children and babies.

Although the authors of the *Malleus Maleficarum* may not have been "particularly interested in sex," the Grand Inquisitors directed their tortures toward the private parts of the body and the secret parts of the soul. It may be a decidedly unpleasant fact to deal with but the judges of the great tribunals examined, tried, and tortured female witches at a ratio of, depending on the authority, ten-to-one, one-hundred-to-one, or ten-thousand-to-one. The obvious morbid symbolism of the redhot poker driven up a vagina is a grim and frightening one. And rare indeed was the witch who reached the redeeming funeral pyre with her breasts unmutilated.

Once an accused woman found herself in prison through the testimonies of witnesses who had seen her evil powers at work (these could be a neighbor jealous

of her position, a suitor disappointed at her rejection of his love, or a relative who sought her inheritance), she was as good as dead. At the height of the witchcraft mania, an accusation was the equivalent of guilt in the eyes of the judges. And no lawyer would dare defend such an accused witch for fear that he would himself be accused of heresy if he pled her case too well.

The Common Justice of the Inquisition demanded that a witch should not be condemned to death unless she convict herself by her own confession. Therefore, the judges had no choice other than to order her torture so that she should be forced to confess so that she might be put to death. In a vicious and most perplexing paradox of justice, the learned men held that even though the accusation of nearly anyone was enough to land a woman in prison as a witch—and if she got as far as prison she was thereby considered guilty—all the testimony counted for naught unless the witch confess her guilt. No one, under Common Justice, could be put to death for Witchcraft on the evidence of another's testimony. What is more, the witch must confess without torture.

To fully comply with this law, the judges turned the witches over to the eager black-hooded torturers so that they might hack, burn, brand, stretch, starve, and rape away at the women with sadistic fervor until the victims confessed under torture. Once this confession had been accomplished, the wretch was made to stand before the judges (usually standing of one's own volition was impossible at this stage, so the woman was supported by priests) and confess of her "own free will" *without torture*. There were, then, two confessions: one under the pressure of the rack, the sting of the lash, the bone-crushing embrace of the boot; and

the other far away from the torture chamber in the serenity of the courtroom.

In my *Sex and the Supernatural,* I issued the reader a grim invitation to enter the torture chamber with a hypothetical woman accused of Witchcraft.

There is the abuse of the loutish perverts and sadists who staff the hideous place, as their rough hands caress breasts, hips, and thighs for the shaving of the witch's body hair. This was done in search of the alleged "Devil's Mark" which Satan placed on his brides. Authorities agree that such a humiliating removal of hair was done in all countries, with the exception of Germany.

There is the insertion of long, sharp pins into the victim's flesh, as the brutes search for an insensitive spot of flesh which Satan leaves on his chosen. This, of course, allowed the pricking of pins into breasts, vulva, cheeks—anywhere an inquisitor's sadistic whim might dictate.

There is the branding with redhot irons, the tearing of nipples with hot pincers.

The infamous rack awaits, eager to stretch and snap ribs and dislocate shoulder bones.

There is the bestial lust of the torturers to be sated on the woman's helpless and abused body the moment that the clergymen leave the chamber.

There may be sulphur in the armpits, up the anus and the vagina. The pain-maddened woman may have her feet crushed in the iron boot. Oil may be poured over her head and set aflame.

The miserable creature may have been sent to the courtroom simply because she was too attractive (the very ugly and the exceptionally attractive were almost *ipso facto* considered to be witches), but the jealous fishwife who sent her there would no longer have any

reason to envy the "witch's" appearance by the time she screamed her confession to her triumphant inquisitors.

Once the witch had confessed, she was now eligible to be reconciled to the Church, absolved of sin, and burned at the stake. Confession or not, of course, the accused witch found her way to the flaming pyres. The difference, in the eyes of Mother Church, was whether the woman went as guilty but penitent or guilty and impenitent. The most pathetic scene in the comic-tragedy of the Inquisition is that of the sincere and devout priest kneeling beside a woefully belabored woman as she is being flogged on the rack, imploring her to confess to being a witch so that she might be absolved of sin and burned at the stake as soon as possible.

"This torture is naught but a gentle stroking compared to what that Monstrous Deceiver Satan has in store for you in Hell," he might have whispered to the uncomprehending wretch on the rack, who has been struck deaf and dumb with pain. "Confess and deliver yourself to the purification of the flame."

There were the pathological who strode into the courtroom and proudly boasted of their intercourse with Satan, of their favorite recipes for roasting children, of their ability to change grown men into toads. Any modern police precinct will tell you about the pathetic confessors who walk in every day to confess to everything from kidnapping Judge Crater to the latest unsolved murder case.

These confessions were eagerly recorded by the court's secretaries and were readily accepted as admission of guilt. But even these pitiful wretches were not to escape the horrors of the torture chamber and be allowed to walk directly from the courtroom to the

waiting stake. Torture, in cases wherein the witch confessed immediately, was considered to be good for her soul and was prescribed as being therapeutic.

In his *The History of Magic,* Kurt Seligmann reprints just a bit of a list of persons executed in the bishopric of Wurzburg to indicate how the witch mania had spread to destroy all ages and classes of people.

The Sixth Burning, six persons;
The steward of the senate, named Gering
Old Mrs. Canzler
The tailor's fat wife
The woman cook of Mr. Mengerdorf
A stranger
A strange woman

The Eighth Burning, seven persons:
Baumach, a senator, the fattest citizen in Wurzburg
The steward of the dean of the Cathedral
A stranger
A knife grinder
The gauger's wife
Two strange women

The Thirteenth Burning, four persons:
The old smith of the court
An old woman
A little girl, nine or ten years old
A younger girl, her sister

The Twentieth Burning, six persons:
Goebel's child, the most beautiful girl in Wurzburg
A student who knew many languages, an excellent musician

Two boys from the Minster, each twelve years old
Stepper's little daughter
The woman who kept the bridge gate

Seligmann lists a number of other burnings, but the brief sample above should suffice for our purposes. Surely, such a historical record is enough to make any sane man weep bitter tears of sorrow and helpless frustration, even over the span of five centuries. What motives of hatred, greed, jealousy, and lust could have been powerful enough to have brought "the tailor's fat wife," "a stranger," "a little girl, nine or ten," and "the most beautiful girl in Wurzburg" to the torture chamber and the witches' stake?

Nor were pregnant women free from the charges of Witchcraft. The grisly records tell of one Joan Bohorquia, a noblewoman, the wife of the Lord of Higuera in Seville, who was brought in for trial in her sixth month of pregnancy. Although she was confined in a dank cell, Lady Bohorquia was not mistreated or abused until after her baby had been delivered. Eight days after the child had been born, it was taken from her and she was brought to the torture chamber.

The brutes who manned the apparatus of terror made up for their lost time with the noblewoman. They stretched her so tightly on the rack that the ropes which bound her cut into the very bones of her arms, thighs, and legs. Not satisfied with their handiwork, the priests who prayed for her confession gave the signal for the wheelman to tighten the block yet another notch. Blood gushed from Lady Bohorquia's mouth as her bowels burst.

Eight days later, the woman died without having made a confession of Witchcraft. This proved embarrassing to the reputation of the chamber and the court.

It would not be a good thing if word were to spread that their inquisitorial arts had failed to wring a confession out of a woman who had been accused of consorting with Satan. Indeed, it might even appear as if his Satanic Majesty had been able to cut short the suffering of one of his elect.

In an unusual tactic, possibly inspired by her husband's position, the Holy Tribunal declared that the Lady Bohorquia had been found innocent of all charges of Witchcraft. She was pronounced absolved from any further process and her reputation was commanded to be restored. The Holy Tribunal had murdered a guiltless woman in a most cruel and hideous manner. What an incredible, unbelievable kind of logic could exorcise one's guilt by declaring one's victim as innocent?

The Spanish Inquisition seemed to take special delight in the pomp and ceremony of the *auto-de-fe*, during which hundreds, sometimes thousands, of witches and heretics might be burned at one time. If an *auto-de-fe* could not be made to coincide with some great festival day, it was at least held on a Sunday so that the populace could make plans to attend the burnings.

The *auto-de-fe* began with a procession of the penitents led by Dominican Friars. Behind them marched the wretched victims of the Inquisition, bare-footed, stumbling, hollow-eyed with the pain and nightmare of their ordeal. The witches were all dressed in black, sleeveless robes and they each carried a wax candle in their hands. The ragged procession was followed by familiars of the Inquisition on horseback, inquisitors on mules, and the Inquisitor General on a white horse led by two men with black hats and green hatbands.

The penitent were permitted to be strangled before the flames of the stake were ignited. Those who had somehow resisted the arguments of the Holy Tribunal were doomed to be burned alive.

In his *The History of Torture,* John Swain quotes an eyewitness account of an *auto-de-fe* from a contemporary record:

". . . The professed mount their stakes by a ladder, and the Jesuits, after several repeated exhortations to be reconciled to the church, consign them to eternal destruction, and leave them to the fiend, who, they tell them, stands at their elbow to carry them into torments. On this a great shout is raised, and the cry is, "Let the dogs' *beards be made;*" which is done by thrusting flaming bunches of furze, fastened to long poles . . . till their faces are burnt black, the surrounding populace rending the air with the loudest acclamations of joy. At last fire is set to the furze at the bottom of the stake. . . . Although there cannot be a more lamentable spectacle and the sufferers continually cry out as long as they are able, 'Pity for the love of God!' yet it is beheld by persons of all ages and both sexes with transports of joy and satisfaction."

Kurt Seligmann observes that the persecution of witches soon became an industry. The efficiency of the counter-attack upon the forces of Satan depended on judges, jailers, torturers, exorcists, wood-choppers, scribes, and experts on the lore of Witchcraft. Can it be reasoned otherwise than those whose livelihood depended on the stench of burning flesh would desire an early end to the mania? There could be no escape for the witches brought into their courtrooms and torture chambers. They had to be made to confess.

The Jesuit Friedrich von Spee became an opponent of the Witchcraft trials when the wise Duke of Brunswick brought him and a fellow priest into a torture chamber.

As the Duke and the two Fathers, champions of the cause of the Inquisition, stood beside a confessed witch, who was being tortured further for her increased good

of soul, the German nobleman asked the priest if, in their consciences, they could say that the Holy Tribunals were doing God's work. When the Jesuits answered loudly in the affirmative, the Duke asked the poor woman on the rack to look carefully at his companions. "I suspect them of being witches," he said. With this, he indicated that the wretch be stretched another notch on the rack. At once she began screaming that the two devout Fathers were agents of Satan, that she had seen them copulating with succubi and serpents and had dined with them on roasted baby at the last Sabbat.

Later, in an anti-Inquisition work, Father Spree declared: "Often I have thought that the only reason why we are not all wizards is due to the fact that we have not all been tortured. And there is truth in what an inquisitor dared to boast lately, that if he could reach the Pope, he would make him confess that he was a wizard."

Canon Loos declared that the Holy Inquisition was the only alchemy that really worked, for the inquisitors had found the secret of transmuting human blood into gold!

"Witch persecutors . . . were craftsmen with a professional pride," Seligmann writes. "A hangman grew melancholic when a witch resisted him unduly. That was akin to a personal offense. In order to save face he let the accused die under the torture, and thus his honor was not impaired, for the blame for killing would then rest on the devil. . . . The business became so prosperous that the hangmen's wives arrayed themselves in silk robes, rode upon beautifully harnessed horses or in painted carriages. . . . For every witch burned, the hangman received an honorarium. He was not allowed to follow any other profession, therefore he had to make the best of his craft."

It was not long before the torturers had discovered a foolproof method for perpetuating their gory profession. Under torture, nearly any witch could be forced to name a long string of her "fellow witches," thereby making one trial give birth to a hundred.

Jules Michelet has observed that the Black Mass, in its primary aspect, symbolizes the redemption of Eve from the curse Christianity had laid upon her. In the primitive Sabbat ritual, woman fulfills every office. "She is priest . . . altar . . . consecrated host, whereof all the people communicate. In the last resort, is she not the very God of the Sacrifice as well?"

The Inquisitors worked terrible vengeance on women for giving aid and comfort to Satan. Since she used her very body as altar and host in the Black Mass, they would use their instruments of torture to disfigure the form which Satan and his minions found so appealing.

There were the pulleys which were used for dislocating the small bones in the fingers and toes or for placing additional pressure on some particular nerve, tendon, or muscle. How beautiful is a woman's face when it is distorted in agony?

And there are thin tongs for inserting hot coals in her vagina. She welcomes the penetration of Satan's flaming organ, how will she delight in the hot coals which the torturers substitute for her master's rod?

The spider! Ah, what a masterwork! Bars with claws on the ends protrude from the wall. The witch is pulled along them until her breasts are torn off. Will Satan still praise her body after such a disfigurement?

And what of the cauldron? A small metal cauldron is filled with mice and strapped to her stomach. Heat is applied to the cauldron, and the mice, in their agony and panic, eat their way to escape through the

witch's body. How now does she delight in her rodents and vermin?

In Daniel P. Mannix's, *The History of Torture*, the author quotes a description of the heinous tortures inflicted upon a woman accused of Witchcraft by the hangman of Dreissigacker in 1631.

(1) *The hangman binds the woman, who was pregnant, and places her on the rack. Then he racks her till her heart would fain break.* (2) *When she did not confess, he poured oil over her head and burned it.* (3) *He placed sulphur in her armpits and burned it.* (4) *Her hands were tied behind her and she was hauled up to the ceiling and suddenly dropped.* (5) *[Lunchbreak for the torturers]* (6) . . . *the master hangman placed a spiked board on her back, pulled her to the ceiling again, then dropped her on the floor.* (7) *Her toes were put in a thumbscrew and the screw tightened until blood squirted out of her toes.* (8) *She was pinched with hot irons.* (9) . . . *She was whipped and then put in a vise which was gradually closed on her for the next six hours.* (10) *She was hung up by her thumbs and flogged. This was all done on the first day.*

In 1583, Reginald Scot wrote *The Discovery of Witchcraft*, which serves as a kind of answer to Sprenger's and Kramer's *Malleus Maleficarum*.

In Scot's opinion, the Inquisitors were sexually obsessed madmen, who took delight in inflicting sadistic torture on their victims. He remonstrates with the Holy Tribunal for spending so much time examining the naked bodies of young women for the secret marks of Satan which they insist might be found on curve or in hollow. When one catalogs the terrible agonies to which the young women are put, Scot argues, who would not confess to anything? And if witches are really as all-

powerful and malignant as the Inquisitors claimed, why had they not enslaved or exterminated the human race long ago?

Scot's voice was one of only a few sane men, desperately crying in the wilderness of the incredible and disgusting sexual mania that provided the fuel for the Witchcraft persecutions. There is little to be gained by discussing and detailing the grim tortures of the Inquisition *ad nauseam*. The terrible screams and the sickening stench of the torture chamber remains all too firmly etched in all too many ways in the collective unconscious of Western man.

CHAPTER SEVEN

BEAUTIFUL HERETICS AND SADISTIC SATANISTS

"What a wonderful angel of mercy, eh?" a curious doctor said, stopping a colleague. "Who is that lovely Sister of Charity who comes each day with pastry and wine for the patients?"

"I have never been able to determine her name," replied the other doctor, "she seems to resist all efforts to pay her thanks. I have learned that she makes similar calls at other charity wards and hospitals in Paris."

The cheery woman would stop occasionally to jot a few lines in a small black book, then she would pour an enfeebled patient a small glass of wine and hold it to his lips so that he might drink. If anyone had asked her what she was marking in her notebook, she would have replied that she was keeping a record of the state of each patient's health so that she would not miss a single person during her self-appointed rounds of mercy.

Then, one day, the Sister of Charity ceased her visits. There was a great deal of speculation as to what might have prevented her from continuing her tours of the hospitals. Everyone missed the nun's smile, and both patients and hospital staffs hoped that nothing ill had befallen her.

A few days later there was no time for speculating about the whereabouts of the Sister. A most mysterious epidemic had broken out in the hospitals. Strangely enough, each of the patients who had accepted the Sister of Charity's gifts was dying in terrible agony.

While the doctors and hospital officials sought to determine the cause of the peculiar plague and the Paris police and citizenry were decidedly unnerved by the mystery, Madame Marie De Brinvilliers had disposed of the nun's habit which she had worn as the cheery Sister of Charity and was now able to complete certain entries in her black book. The cold, compassionless sorceress had utilized the patients and the invalids in the city's hospitals as guinea pigs in order that she might test the efficacy of a new batch of poisons which she had concocted!

The lovely practitioner of the Blackest Art, that of poison, was born Marie Marguerite d'Aubray in 1630. Although the cynical might remark that every woman has the potential of becoming an accomplished witch, young Marie had the potential of becoming a great lady. The child of wealthy parents, Marie reached adolescence as a curvy Parisienne with a cultured, lively wit. She had thick brown hair, blue eyes, and an unusually fair complexion. She was highly intelligent, an excellent conversationalist, and could even read and write—an accomplishment that stunned her suitors.

Unrestrained immorality was the order of the day as Parisians followed the hedonistic example of their Sun King, Louis XIV. Satanism was perhaps developed to its highest estate, as the jaded aristocrats began to adapt the Witchcraft rituals to suit their own sexual fantasies. The enlightened sophisticate's mockery of the primitive customs had been converted to a serious interest by the tension and insecurity of the times, and Lords and Ladies began to pray in earnest to Holy Satan to grant them high office and wealth. Although the fires of the Inquisition still consumed its quota of witches, the France of King Louis XIV was a high-living, low-principaled era, and Marie d'Aubray was an opportunistic child of the times.

At twenty-one, perhaps more for convenience than for love, Marie married the Marquis de Brinvilliers. The Marquis was not a homebody and he delighted in spending his evenings gambling and gamboling with his several mistresses. Marie refused to play the role of the forsaken and forgiving *hausfrau.* She lost no time in seducing the handsome officer Gaudin de Sainte-Croix, a close friend of her husband's.

A tolerant man, the Marquis chuckled and gave the couple his blessing, but Marie's father was Civil Lieutenant of Paris and his primary concerns were for the good name of the family. He could not abide the escapades which his daughter was now conducting in a wanton and open manner. He had long been fully aware of Marie's lustful nature. He had known, for example, that she had even seduced her brothers into committing incest with her. Now that she was married, however, he refused to accept her new notoriety.

Sainte-Croix was dragged from the coach of his startled mistress and hauled off to the Bastille. There was nothing he could do to appeal his case. After all, it had been his mistress' father, the Civil Lieutenant of Paris, who had ordered his arrest.

Marie refused to forgive her father for the public humiliation which he had caused her. Unfortunately for Papa d'Aubray, Sainte-Croix's cellmate was the infamous Italian poisoner, Exili. Upon her lover's release, the two of them set out at once to duplicate the formulas of the sinister Exili. The invalids in the Paris hospitals served as their guinea pigs and their first victims.

Marie's husband was next on her list. She administered powerful dosages to him on six different occasions, but each time he miraculously recovered. Unknown to her, Sainte-Croix had desperately and secretly rushed de Brinvilliers the antidote each time he was about to succumb to his wife's poisons. Sainte-Croix de-

lighted in dallying with Marie and in spending her money, but he entertained no desire to marry a widow who had acquired a skill in mixing poisons.

Within time, Marie did poison her father in revenge for his arrest of Sainte-Croix, and it soon began to spread among the Satanist circles that the woman was extremely talented with her chemicals. It is impossible to estimate how many men and women died as a result of a Madame de Brinvillier's potion slipped into their food or drink by a disgruntled mate or an impatient heir.

Already wealthy from her inheritance, the added income from her noxious brews made her one of the most powerful women in Paris. Then, however, came the mental deterioration.

She became open with her deadly skills. She poisoned her brothers when she became jealous of their share of the d'Aubray estate. She contemplated poisoning her eldest daughter because the child bored her. A friend was poisoned because she spilled coffee on Madam's dress. Another old companion was given a fatal brew because he had told a dull joke. Chance acquaintances were poisoned for being too stuffy or too silly or too boring.

Although the police of the 1670s dared not tread too heavily on an aristocrat's toes, a police official named Desgrez was building a strong case against the deadly Madame de Brinvilliers. When Sainte-Croix was accidentally killed while experimenting with a deadly poison gas, the police discovered enough poisons in the laboratory to kill most of Paris. The piles of orders lying about the counters were addressed to Marie de Brinvilliers.

Madame de Brinvilliers learned of the warrant out for her arrest just in time to make a successful escape

to England. Charles II finally agreed to her extradition after a three-year correspondence on the matter.

The aristocratic Satanist was tried and sentenced to death on June 15, 1676. French law at that time forbade the torture of persons of rank, but an exception was made in the case of Marie de Brinvilliers. She suffered seven hours of torture and resisted a full day of exhortations by priests who desperately sought to persuade her to show signs of repentance. Madame de Brinvilliers went to the executioner's sword unabsolved of her sins.

Elisabeth Bathory was another of high-born estate who chose to follow Satan. Married to Count Ferencz Nadasdy of Csejthe, Hungary, when she was fifteen, she was delighted to find that her husband was an accomplished adept of the Satanic arts. The wedding of these two young Devil-worshippers united two of the most powerful names in Hungary. The Nadasdys were famous as fierce warriors and cruel taskmasters. The Bathory bloodline combined sexual aberration and psychosis with public service. The conscientious prime minister of Hungary was Elisabeth's cousin, but, then, so was the savage and unstable Prince of Transylvania.

It may well have been Elisabeth and Ferencz Nadasdy who gave Transylvania the werewolf, vampire, and monster tradition which it enjoys in today's horror movies. Surely their exploits could never be filmed. Countess Elisabeth would make Count Dracula look like a pitiful mosquito when it came to draining the blood of helpless victims. The cruel Countess milked the blood of more than 600 young women so that she might bathe in their vital fluid. It was her belief that such blood baths would enable her to preserve the beauty which had made her famous.

The Countess Nadasdy gave herself completely to

the study of Satanism during the Count's absences. Witches, wizards, and sorcerers came from all parts of Europe to partake of the beautiful aristocrat's generosity. In turn, they taught her all that they might know of the Black Art.

When the Count was killed in battle, Elisabeth was forty years old and troubled about the wrinkles and the age-spots that had begun to make their dreaded appearance on her legendary beauty. One day she struck a serving girl with such violence that blood was drawn. For some reason it appeared to the Countess that her skin grew suddenly younger wherever the maid's blood had splattered. From that time on her dungeons were never without kidnapped girls, who were chained to the walls and fed like animals being fattened for the butcher. Like a kind of human dairy herd, the miserable wretches were slowly "milked" of their blood to provide the liquid for the Countess' daily bath.

The Countess' own cousin, the prime minister of Hungary, led the raiding party on Castle Csejthe on New Year's Eve, 1610. The stalwart men interrupted the Countess and her Satanists in the midst of a Black Mass that had featured cannibalism, human sacrifice, and the bleeding of several young women to provide the sacramental wine.

In 1647, Catherine Deshayes was a barefooted beggar girl, who had been sent out into the streets to tell fortunes. By coincidence, many of the waif's "predictions" came true, and she cultivated a clientele who swore by the child's "God-given powers." But the appealing little prophetess with the smudged nose soon discovered that Satan's wages were much higher than the ones offered by God. At her trial in 1680, Catherine boastfully shrieked that she had sacrificed over 2,500

children who had their throats slit at her Black Sabbats, her poisonous potions brought about the deaths of many more jealous husbands, unfaithful wives, and unwanted parents than had the foul brews concocted by her contemporary, Madame de Brinvilliers. (Although the two Satanists were poisoning Paris at the same time, it appears that the only proven connection the women ever had with each other is an extremely tenuous one: Madame de Brinvilliers' executioner was, for a time, Catherine's lover.)

When she was twenty, Catherine married a ne'er-do-well named Antoine Montvoisin. It has never been determined why she wed the loafer, since he never contributed a single coin toward her well-being and she, almost at once, began to invite her lovers to move in with them. Innately resourceful, the former street urchin had soon established herself as a midwife, a beautician, and a herbalist, and was supporting both Antoine and his daughter by a former marriage in handsome style.

It was when the enterprising La Voisin included palmistry, prophecy, and astrology among her stock-in-trade that she incurred the wrath of Mother Church. If, as the Bible says, the Devil is the father of lawyers, then Catherine Montvoisin might truly have been Satan's daughter. Instead of being flayed alive by a Grand Inquisitor, the bright-eyed and vivacious young woman convinced a learned tribunal composed of the Vicars-General and several doctors of theology from the Sorbonne that her approach to astrology was completely acceptable to the Church.

One can easily imagine the effect her release had upon her already flourishing trade as a herbalist and her ever-increasing reputation as a seer. Surely, people reasoned, La Voisin had secured the Church's blessing

on her magic. The clever young Satanist was soon beset by an avalanche of wealthy clients.

La Voisin received her supplicants in a darkened chamber wherein she appeared in an ermine-lined robe emblazoned with two hundred eagles embroidered in gold thread on purple velvet. For a properly weighted bag of gold, the High Priestess would officiate at a special Black Mass for the troubled seeker of Satanic solace. If the supplicant were female, then the client herself, regardless of how high-born she might be, must serve as Black Mass' living altar.

The High Priestess kept a secret list of more than fifty Roman Catholic priests who would celebrate the Black Mass at her bidding. Her great favorite among these "moonlighting" clergymen was Abbe Guilborg. In spite of the fact that he held a number of public and private ecclesiastical offices, the fat, bloated libertine was always in need of extra money to maintain the stable of mistresses that he kept closeted about Paris. His skill as a chemist was put to good use by La Voisin, and the clients for her noxious nostrums who possessed macabre senses of humor prized the Abbe's special poison that caused its victims to laugh themselves to death. The ecclesiastic also managed to cut down on housekeeping expenses with his mistresses by selling his many illegitimate children to La Voisin for use as Satanic sacrifices during her Black Masses.

Babies for sacrifice cost the High Priestess a good deal of money, but she had learned to economize in the Paris streets. She established a home for unwed mothers, which saw the girls through their pregnancies and relieved them of the responsibility of caring for an unwanted child. Girls without financial means were provided for at no charge. The bills presented to the women of the aristocracy were large enough to cover the operating expenses for the entire home. The young,

pampered aristocratic beauties, who inconveniently found themselves in a family way, were, however, offered the bonus of having a punitive potion secretly administered to the rogue who had been so careless in his seduction. With moral laxity the order of the day in Louis XIV's France, the shrewd La Voisin's home for unwed mothers always managed to provide her with a stockpile of sacrificial infants.

The Black Mass was held deep in the bowels of La Voisin's high-walled house in the region lying south of St. Denis, which, in 17th-century Paris, was called Villeneuve. The supplicant approached the altar in complete nudity and lay upon its black surface with her arms and legs spread wide. A black-robed acolyte stepped forward to place a flickering black candle in each of her upturned palms.

At this point, Abbe Guilborg appeared and positioned himself between the open legs of the living altar. He wore vestments of an orthodox shape made of white linen. The chausable and possibly the alb were embroidered with black pine cones, the ancient Greek symbols of fertility. The priest placed the chalice upon the supplicant's stomach, kissed her body, began the office. The prayer book was bound in human skin; the "holy water" was urine; the "host" was usually a toad, a turnip, or on occasion, true host stolen from a church and desecrated with filth.

The rituals completed, it was time for the offering. Abbe Guilborg stretched out his arms to receive the infant delivered there by the black-robed acolyte.

"O Astaroth, O Asmodeus," Guilborg intoned, "I beg you to accept the sacrifice of this child which we now offer to you, so that we may receive the things that we ask."

The squalling child was raised aloft and his screams became bubbling gasps as the priest deftly slashed its

throat. The infant's dying whimpers were drowned out by the frantic prayers of the supplicant as she writhed in the sacrificial blood and beseeched Holy Satan to grant her desires. Once enough of its vital fluid had been caught in the chalice so that it might be mixed with wine and drugs for the ceremonial drinking goblet, the wretched little corpse was handed to La Voisin, who tossed it into the roaring mouth of the waiting oven.

Marguerite, La Voisin's stepdaughter, often assisted at the Black Mass in the capacity of clerk to the celebrating priest. Once the horrifying rites caused a simple young girl, who had been enlisted to assist as one of the naked servers, to drop dead of fright. Marguerite, who seems to have developed the *sang froid* that would have been necessary to adapt to the ways of her stepmother, dragged the wench off to a hasty cremation in the monstrous oven without breaking the rhythm of the ritual.

When Marguerite happened to find herself with child as the result of a flirtation with a married neighbor, she became alarmed when she found her stepmother casting appraising eyes at the bulge of her pregnancy. When the child was born, Marguerite, in spite of herself, found that a maternal instinct existed within her. Since she was quite aware that La Voisin had no interest in becoming a grandmother, Marguerite had the good sense to send her child away to be brought up in the country.

Desgrez, the crafty little bulldog of a detective who had arrested Madame de Brinvilliers, was closing in on La Voisin and her Black Sabbats. When his men reported the number of the high-ranking and the high-born who were frequenting the Satanist's subterranean chambers, Desgrez found himself faced with quite a decision. It would not be pleasant to anger so many

important people by suggesting that the activities in which they were engaging were wrong. And surely, if he arrested La Voisin, he would, at least indirectly, be criticizing the members of the aristocracy who regularly attended her Sabbats and who relied upon her "God-given" talents as a seeress and her Satan-given talents as a poisoner.

Then one of Desgrez' officers came in trembling with fear. Law enforcement held too many risks. He had recognized the crest on one of the coaches waiting before La Voisin's walls as belonging to none other than Madame de Montespan, the beautiful mistress of King Louis XIV!

If Desgrez' head was set spinning by that bit of intelligence, it must nearly have gone into orbit when an informant told him that the voluptuous royal mistress had herself served as the naked, living altar at one of La Voisin's Sabbats. What was more, de Montespan had ordered the sacrifice of a child and had bathed in its blood in order to insure her place in the King's heart.

It was too much for Desgrez. He brought his evidence and the list of names to his superior, La Reynie, head of the *Chambre Ardente.*

King Louis had pledged himself to support the *Chambre,* but the rank of the names on the list, including that of his own mistress, placed him in a politically explosive situation. His advisors cautioned him that a hasty exposure of the decadence of court life would lead to revolution or encourage England to launch an invasion against a morally sick and internally torn France.

It took the Sun King nearly a year, but through the arrest of La Voisin, several planted rumors which caused some of the court favorites involved to flee the country on extended trips abroad, the careful sup-

pression of evidence against highborn court figures, and the burning of all incriminatory evidence against Madame de Montespan, he managed to sweep most of the Satanic dirt under his velvet carpets. La Voisin, herself, was treated to a rather pleasant stay in jail, until King Louis had seen to it that all those of high position had been carefully protected. Then, of course, La Voisin was delivered into the hands of the Grand Inquisitor.

Catherine Montvoisin endured four six-hour ordeals in the torture chamber before she was delivered to the stake on February 23, 1680. By the King's order, only testimony concerning those Satanists who had already been condemned was allowed to be recorded. The former little barefooted fortuneteller from the streets of Paris went to her death singing ribald songs and cursing the priests who sought her final confession.

In 1415, as a lad of eleven, Gilles de Rais became heir to the greatest fortune in France. At sixteen, he greatly increased his net worth by marrying the extremely wealthy Catherine de Thouars. When he had barely turned twenty, he rode by the side of Joan of Arc and fought with such fierce merit that King Charles awarded Gilles the title of Marshal of France.

Gilles de Rais was a man so noted for his devotion to duty and his personal piety that he came to be regarded as a latter-day Lancelot. But, like Lancelot, Gilles entered into an ill-fated love affair that destroyed him.

Although it was undoubtedly an affair that was conducted entirely on a spiritual plane, Gilles became the lover of the strange young mystic whose "voices" dictated that she save France. He became her guardian, her protector, but, when Joan was captured and burned, Gilles de Rais was transformed into a Satanic fiend of

such infamy, such hellish and unholy proportions, that his like is probably unequaled in the annals of perverse crimes against society. The life of this pietist turned monster has been examined in depth by several scholars and most of them seem to agree that de Rais' crimes and acts of sacrilege were quite likely inspired by what he considered God's betrayal of His good and faithful servant, Joan of Arc.

Gilles de Rais left his wife, vowed never to have sexual intercourse with another woman, and secreted himself in his castle at Tiffauges. The obviously psychotic young man surrounded himself with profligates, broken-down courtiers, sycophants, and wastrels and embarked on several rounds of lavish orgies. Incredible as it may seem, even the vast wealth of the de Rais estate began to show a dent after one marathon debauch after another. It was then that Gilles decided to try his hand at alchemy, the dream of transmuting base metals into gold, as a means of replenishing his fortune.

Within a short time, he had converted an entire wing of his castle into a series of extensive alchemical laboratories. Alchemists and sorcerers from all over Europe flocked to Tiffauges. Some came to freeload on the feasts and to fleece the young nobleman out of a few bags of gold. Others came to seek final answers and resolution to the persistent, haunting quest of the alchemist. Although de Rais himself joined the alchemists and magicians in work sessions that went nearly around the clock, all of their experiments counted for naught.

It was the sorcerer Prelati who told him: "Mortal man cannot hope to achieve the transmutation of base metals into gold without the help of Satan. And you can only hope to arouse his interest in your work by dedicating the most abominable crimes to his name."

Under Prelati's direction, de Rais lured a young peas-

ant boy into the castle, slashed the lad's throat, plucked his eyeballs from their sockets, ripped out his heart, and caught the blood in inkwells so that he might utilize it for the writing of evocations and formulas. Satan did not appear and no base metals were transmuted into gold, but Gilles de Rais no longer cared. He had discovered an enterprise far more satisfying than the alchemist's quest. He had discovered the sadistic satisfactions and pleasures which lay in the torture and murder of children.

In their *Sex Crimes in History,* R. E. L. Masters and Eduard Lea tell of de Rais' own testimony of how he liked to dramatize his murders. He would have one of his servants kidnap a child, carry him off to the castle, then truss him up and leave him in a room. Some time later, Gilles would enter the room, feign shock and surprise at seeing the lad so woefully treated and cut him free from his bonds. He would hold the child on his knees, speak softly to him, dry his tears, win his confidence, assure him that all would be well and that he would soon be back in his mother's arms —then he would slit the child's throat in one swift movement and violate the spasmodically twitching corpse.

Etienne Corillaut, one of Gilles' personal servants, later testified at his master's trial when the Marshal of France was accused of having slain more than 800 children. According to Corillaut, Gilles de Rais would often ". . . take his penis in his hand, rub it so it became erect . . . and then place it between the thighs or legs of the . . . children, and rub his . . . verile [sic] member on the belly of the . . . children with much gratification, heat and libidinous excitement, until he emitted his sperm on their stomachs."

After de Rais had obtained sexual gratification in this manner, the children were murdered, dismembered,

and certain of their remains put away to be utilized for magical purposes.

Corillaut also testified that his psychotic master took special pleasure in masturbating on a child's stomach while the lad was being decapitated. The monster kept the heads of handsome children on upright rods and employed a beautician to curl their hair and rouge their lips and cheeks. When he had accumulated enough heads, he would summon the entire castle and conduct a perverse kind of beauty contest, demanding that everyone vote on which boy's head was the most beautiful.

Because of his high position in the court of France, Gilles de Rais was granted the mercy of being strangled before being burned. The tribunal conveniently looked the other way after his execution, however, and the de Rais family was permitted to remove his corpse after it had been given only a singeing. The mass murderer of hundreds of innocent children was interred in a Catholic ceremony in a Carmelite churchyard. The fiendish Prelati and the other professing Satanists were given, at most, a few months in prison for their part in the murders.

"It is thought likely by some historians that this was their reward for testifying against their master," Masters and Lea reflect, "and that both ecclesiastical and civil authorities were far more interested in obtaining Gilles' money and properties, which were still considerable, than in punishing him for his crimes."

CHAPTER EIGHT

SAN FRANCISCO'S VIGILANTES AND THE BEAUTIFUL PRIESTESS

Isaiah Lees had not been a patrolman in the San Francisco of 1851 for many nights when it became very clear to him that a number of the city's leading citizens wanted the activities in a mysterious establishment called the House of the Strange Woman to remain protected for what they deemed very good reasons.

The tall, narrow structure just off Portsmouth Square became a challenge to the young law officer. One day Isaiah Wrigley Lees would be a world renowned detective, whose personal dossier would cover 14,447 crimes covered in nearly fifty years as a police investigator. But in 1851, Lees was nimble-witted, athletically-built, and not above a bit of blackmail. If the pillars of the community were up to a little hanky-panky in the House of the Strange Woman, then they would undoubtedly pay well for his silence if he were to find out precisely what they were up to.

One night he cornered an itinerant street preacher and tried to pump him for some information about the mysterious activity in the tall building off Portsmouth Square. "It's the devil's own doings they are up to," the preacher told Lees. "And it's the leaders of the Vigilance Committee who are worshipping Satan in the House of the Strange Woman."

Now nearly anyone in San Francisco would either have laughed or taken offense at such an allegation.

The vigilantes had cleaned up the city. They had beaten off the gangs of thugs and riff-raff. They had put the Sydney Ducks and the Hounds in their place. The Committee of Vigilance had been there when San Francisco needed them most. There had been no law and order in those early days. The men of trade and their employees formed the Committee and took the law into their own hands. Hoodlums thought twice about plundering and murdering if such an act would bring swift reprisals from night-riders with ropes and guns.

No, nearly any citizen of San Francisco would argue, the vigilantes could not be a party to any kind of wrong-doing. But Isaiah Lees was too keen a student of human nature to disbelieve the street preacher. Maybe some of the "upright citizens" had got a taste of violence and now craved something bizarre and sensual to off-set their strangely awakened atavistic hungers. If the vigilantes were involved in something with a stain of the sinister, there was no reason why he should not turn a profit by gaining some secret knowledge.

When Isaiah got his first glimpse of the "strange woman" who was in charge of the house, he was stunned by a rush of old memories. She was Mary Blane, a Negress, in whose boarding house he and his friend, John Nightingale, had spent a night when they had first arrived in San Francisco.

Isaiah had spent that night completely mesmerized by the dark woman's allure. She was possessed of a full bosom, a narrow waist, and her dusky skin beautifully show-cased her ocean-green eyes. Although she seemed admirably constructed for passion, her manner was cold and aloof. Isaiah made little effort to conceal his desire for her, but she feigned a disdainful lack of concern.

"I wonder if that delicious woman has herself a lover," Lees had wondered aloud to his friend.

"Well, I'll wager that if she comes across for anyone, it'll be for you," Nightingale had surprised him by answering.

He had not seen Mary Blane since that night more than two years ago. Now he saw her as the madam of a house of ill-fame.

Sometimes Isaiah Lees decided in favor of direct action. His several inquiries about the House of the Strange Woman had brought him threats and warnings, but no real clues as to the nature of the activities within tightly barred door and closely shuttered windows. He walked up to the hidden doorway of the two-storied building, thumped loudly on its surface and roared: "Open up, or I'll kick the door down!"

A colored maid admitted Lees, ushered him into a parlor filled with elegant furnishings and lewd paintings. The remainder of the downstairs was made up of two bedrooms—one for Mary Blane, the other for the maid—a kitchen, and a dining room. The upstairs consisted of only a single room. The floor was carpeted; the windows closed with heavy drapes. What appeared to be a counter surrounded by images of a religious nature stood against one corner. Lees was completely puzzled by the room and wondered at the use to which it was so often put.

It was when he had left the House of the Strange Woman that he had time to mull over a number of intriguing aspects of the building and its occupant. 1.) The building which harbored a secret which the vigilantes were willing to kill to protect contained conventional living quarters downstairs, and the upstairs, far from appearing to house a brothel, seemed more to resemble a church minus its pews. 2.) Mary Blane's bedroom shelves were lined with books, yet she pre-

tended to be an untutored former slave girl. 3.) On a stand near her bed were bowls of walnut shells in the process of being mashed. What purpose might the fresh juice of walnut shells serve?

Lees warmed to the pursuit of the mystery. He learned that Mary Blane had been brought to San Francisco by William Rabe, a swarthy man who was known as a swaggering, noisy, busybody. Rabe was now a prosperous attorney, but back in Louisiana where he had immigrated from Germany, he had been a traveling dentist. The man had arrived in San Francisco with a wife—the third or fourth—a daughter, two sons by his first wife, and Mary Blane, his colored maid.

Rabe, so the story went, had been given a large sum of money and fifteen slaves by a wealthy South Carolina planter if he would marry a daughter who had become pregnant by a black fieldhand. Rabe deserted the woman and her child in Georgia, married at least two other women, then made his way to California with a current Mrs. Rabe, his children, and the last of his fifteen slaves, Mary Blane, to serve as nursemaid for the youngsters. It seemed to have been his intention to set Mary Blane up as a prostitute in the woman-scarce city and to live off her earnings, but a group of anti-slavery, anti-Southern abolitionists saw that the woman was made free. Mary, because she could read and write, was backed in her boarding house venture by other freed slaves, and she made a considerable amount of money by charging outrageous prices to the forty-niners.

Lees knew that Mary Blane was at the very center of the enigma, and he was near to pulling his hair out at the frustration of not being able to derive the slightest clue to the devil's business the vigilantes were up to in the House of the Strange Woman.

One night while he walked the plank streets stalk-

ing the mystery, a young girl ran up to him and begged protection. Such a plea was not uncommon in the rough city, but this girl's tale was to provide Lees with a most important piece to his infernal jigsaw puzzle.

According to the girl, she had been chloroformed by two men, who had seized her as she walked the street on an errand for her mother. She had regained consciousness and found herself in a driverless rig tied to a hitching post outside of a saloon. She had just climbed out of the rig when she saw Lees walking patrol. Lees took the girl home, then hurried back to observe which men would claim the buggy. He was startled to see that William Rabe was one of the angry, cursing men who had been deprived of his prey.

Within the next few weeks a number of pieces began to fall into place, which, ponder as he might, Lees could not divine their full meaning. He had heard the muffled sounds of singing and dancing from the strange upstairs "church-room." There had been other kidnappings of young women which had led him to investigate the old reports of disappearing girls with renewed interest. Rabe had once had a strong connection with Mary Blane: Rabe had been guilty of at least one abduction; could the young women be ending up at the House of the Strange Woman? And then there was the man who brought the black ram into the mysterious house. What a strange pet to bring to a party.

And he kept coming back to the bowl of mashed walnut shells beside the bed of the beautiful Mary Blane.

Finally he took the problem to a friend, a former actor, who, from time-to-time, had helped Lees with disguises. The man was amazed that the persistent detective had not guessed the truth about Mary Blane sooner. She was not a Negress. She had been Rabe's first wife, the woman whose father had bought the

traveling dentist as a husband to take his slave-impregnated daughter far away from the plantation. Rabe had forced her to dye her skin with walnut stain, and once she had escaped from his domination, she had continued the masquerade for reasons known only to herself.

The San Francisco newspapers had begun to hint about licentious goings-on involving the vigilantes in the House of the Strange Woman. Lees was uncertain whether the papers were chiding him for not ferreting out the secret of the house or if they were threatening to expose the members of the vigilantes for what they really were.

When the detective brought the question to an alderman, he was told that they wanted complete protection for the House of the Strange Woman until such time as the key figures in the vigilantes were all gathered there in the midst of one of their secret debaucheries. At that time, the aldermen and the police would raid the establishment and catch the vigilantes redhanded at whatever vice they might be practicing. The leaders of the Committee of Vigilance had presented the faces of righteous Puritans to the community of San Francisco while secretly pursuing enterprises far more corrupt than many of the crimes which they had so strenuously punished. Lees was instructed to warn the Strange Woman, Mary Blane, to curtail some of the activities for a time so that the newspapers would not continue their stories and, inadvertently, warn the vigilantes that public chagrin was about to come down upon them.

Lees called on Mary Blane under the pretense of advising her that one of the local ministers was about to launch a campaign against prostitution. The woman gazed at him serenely, seemingly undisturbed by such news.

"What has that to do with me?" she asked him. "This house is not a brothel. There are no rooms of women here."

The green eyes seemed to mock him. Green eyes! Was the dark woman before him really a Negress, or was she, for some unknown reason, carrying on a bizarre masquerade?

He walked past her and entered her bedroom. There was no bowl of crushed walnut shells on her bedstand this time. The mystery was driving him mad!

Like a man possessed, he seized Mary Blane and roughly unbuttoned her blouse. He would soon know if she applied stain beyond the line of her exposed shoulders.

He pulled the drawstring of her undergarment so that it fell away from her body and revealed the startling beauty of her breasts. Her bosom was the same smooth, brown color as her face and shoulders.

Her back, Lees reasoned, as his breath came in short gasps between clenched teeth; she would have difficulty applying stain evenly to her back.

He turned her in his arms and behind the same brownness, only this time the texture was interrupted by the faint, white scars of a lash. Here it was, it seemed, that she had used the walnut stain in an attempt to even the color of a memory that had been etched into her flesh. Lees now felt certain that Mary Blane had lived on the North Carolina plantation as a slave, not as the planter's daughter. His actor friend had been wrong.

Mary Blane had undergone Lees' rough examination in a bemused silence. "Did you find what you were looking for, Mr. Lees?" she asked.

Lees hesitated. The fantasies which he had once had for the woman came back to rush over him like a warm, sensual sea. There was no denying that the

woman held more than the fascination of a challenging detective puzzle for him. There was the mystery of her womanhood, the depths of which he had once longed to plumb.

Lees resisted the urgings of his glands and apologized for his ungentlemanly behavior. He had begun to pull the undergarment and dress back over her shoulders when Mary Blane threw her arms about his neck and kissed him on the mouth.

Later, Lees wrote in his journal: "I was unprepared for this. I asked God to forgive me as I kissed her."

Friends of Isaiah Lees never failed to describe the detective as a man of high moral behavior. Those who had known him since his gold-mining days said that they had never seen him drunk or disappearing into a room upstairs with a saloon girl. Jedidiah Barlow, a surveyor and long-time friend of the detective, said that Lees had never been known to pick up girls, but he also remarked that the Strange Woman was madly in love with the handsome policeman.

It remains uncertain whether or not Lees actually became Mary Blane's lover, but his journal tells us that he did persuade her to allow him to surreptitiously watch the proceedings in her upstairs room.

"I have no intention of exposing the men who come here," he assured her. "I have no wish to show the community that their solid pillars are rotten and full of wormholes." At this point in his career, Lees was not free of wormholes himself. If he found out who the men were who attended the orgies, he could pick up a tidy sum of blackmail.

Mary Blane consented to his request and gave him a mask and a robe to wear on the appointed night.

At last the mystery was resolved for the persistent detective.

He learned the nature of the mysterious gatherings,

a secret which had eluded him for so long. He saw why a young virgin was needed for the ritual. He saw the role the ram played as a shaggy proxy for Satan. He saw why the upstairs room and the counter and the religious artifacts reminded him of a church without pews. This was a church without Christ.

When the frenzied Witches' Round had ended and the ritual intercourse had begun with each man grabbing the woman nearest him, Lees slipped out an exit, dropped his robes, and headed for a saloon. He needed a drink.

After he had fortified himself, Lees found a good vantage point and prepared to watch the Satan-worshipping vigilantes emerge from the House of the Strange Woman. He frowned his surprise and amazement when no one exited. My lord! How long did the orgy last?

Then he saw a couple emerging from the deserted building next to the two-story house of Satanic pleasure. Obviously some passageway connected the two buildings.

As Lees watched the couples leaving the orgy, he was struck with wonder at the manner in which the vigilantes had managed to lead two lives. He saw church-going, Bible-quoting, sanctimonious leading-citizens exiting from the wild sexual orgy, arm-in-arm with notorious women of the streets. He saw prosperous merchants, who lectured violently against the evils of drink, stagger tipsily out of the building, heady on the forbidden nectar of the Sabbat. He saw staunch defenders of womanhood, treating their demi-monde coarsely, and who, only a short time before, had sat in obvious pleasure and excitement and watched a young virgin being debauched against her will.

It was almost too incredible for the worldly young detective to believe. The night-riding "protectors" of

San Francisco, the decent, upstanding businessmen, who put away their shop-keepers' aprons, their bankers' quills, their lawyers' books to strap on weapons at night to right wrongs and correct injustices, were themselves engaging in rites so corrupt that they literally staggered Lees' imagination.

He was a voracious reader, but books were scarce. Lees had never had access to any volume that would have provided him with the means by which he might have divined the clues of the goat, the countertop-altar, the strange religious artifacts, and the missing girls. He had had to witness a Sabbat himself before he could ever have placed all the pieces in their proper position in the perverse jigsaw puzzle or before he could have guessed the role which the dusky beauty Mary Blane played in the strange dream. It was her duty as the High Priestess to keep the upstairs room in readiness for their lusty orgies.

And now it had been revealed to Lees that the very men who were making the streets of San Francisco "safe for any decent woman," were themselves preying upon innocent young virgins and kidnapping them for their foul purposes. The very defenders of the sanctity of a woman's body were themselves gathering in obscene ceremonies, whose climax was the ritual violation of a girl's virginity. He later learned that the debauched young women were taken to cities, such as Sacramento, and dumped. With the shortage of women in California, the girls were soon snatched up as brides or saloon girls.

Isaiah Lees' course should have been clear. He should have presented his evidence to the aldermen and seen to it that the Committee of Vigilance was totally disbanded. Surely, he would not have hesitated to embark upon such a path, risky though it might have been, a few years hence. But the San Francisco of

1851 had little that would encourage such high moral action. It was a dog-eat-dog, survival-of-the-fittest, knock-down-drag-out society, and Isaiah Lees had learned to thrive in it. As he mentally reviewed the men whom he had seen exiting from the House of the Strange Woman, the wily detective had already begun affixing a price-tag for his silence beside the name of each man.

This was one time in his career that Lees overplayed his hand, however. Things became too hot for him and lest anyone "stretch him dead," he left the city under the pretense of returning to Paterson, New Jersey, to fetch his wife, Amelia, and bring her to San Francisco.

In his absence, the case reached a climax without him. An outcry had been raised in many quarters concerning the kidnapping of the young women. Since these girls were never heard from again, it seemed obvious to the anguished parents that their daughters were being shanghied for immoral purposes and probably even killed after they had served their evil masters' pleasure. The truth was, of course, that a lusty miner or farmer who had acquired a rather dazed, but lovely, young woman, was not about to let her return to San Francisco to tell her parents of her whereabouts. He may never see the toothsome wench again, and, worse, she may return with a passel of in-laws to feed and support.

We are indebted largely to Mrs. Helen Holdredge and her book *The House of the Strange Woman* for her exposure of the vigilantes. Mrs. Holdredge had been considering a book on the career of the famous Isaiah Lees, when the late Miss Caroline Wenzel, Chief of the California Section of the California State Library, told her about all the derogatory items concerning the Committee of Vigilance which she had begun to turn up in the old newspapers and journals. As if it were

not enough to learn of the vigilantes' corruption, Mrs. Holdredge also discovered that the world renowned detective Lees had a sub rosa career as a "nefarious blackmailer." The idea of her book project began to take on a quite different slant.

Mrs. Holdredge tells us that it was the widow Sarah E. Randall who set the whole of the vigilantes' destruction in motion.

Mary Blane had opened the drapes one sultry night, never guessing that the storeroom of the neighboring Dunbar Building would be occupied. Mrs. Randall's boarding house had burned down, and a friend had offered her lodging in the storeroom. The widow opened a seldom-used window, and although she could not see all of the bacchanal, she saw enough to write the following letter to a newspaper:

> Men of this town enter a house of ill fame and there, without self-respect, join the bacchanal and obscene orgies of wantons which could have disgraced the pagan mysteries of the god. The cool effrontery of the men, who enacted the scene, did not allow themselves even the screen of a curtain to prevent a view of their persons and the sound of their voices from reaching the house nearby. I was rooted to the spot with horror for among them was the husband of a dear friend who trusts his virtues and makes him the idol of her earthly adoration. He left her at home for this soul-destroying haunt of depravity.

On September 16, 1851, the Vigilance Committee made an official announcement that they were disbanding. But when Isaiah Lees returned with Amelia in December of 1852, it did not take him long to learn that the vigilantes were ready to reorganize if ever,

in their opinion, it should become necessary to one again take law and order into their own hands.

Nor did it take Lees long to determine that the Satanic orgies had been resumed in the House of the Strange Woman. Lees put announcements in the newspapers warning families to watch their daughters and to protect them from the advances of strange men. Boarding houses and hotels were told to warn all young girls not to venture out alone at night. If the vigilantes were too powerful to stop in a head-on confrontation, Lees would do what he could to put the young girls of the city out of the reach of their ritual debaucheries.

Once when a particularly beautiful young German immigrant had disappeared, Lees approached Mary Blane for the first time in anger and desperation. The green-eyes remained cold as the detective told her that she must cease playing her role in the luring of girls to the Satanic rites and in the spiriting of the girls away from the city.

"The Strange Woman was a fatalist," Mrs. Holdredge writes. "For her, vice did not exist; the consummation of passion was a natural thing, and there was as much reason to satisfy it as to eat or sleep. It was one of life's necessities, and it mattered not whether it were taken care of uneventfully in the marriage bed, or more excitingly under outre stimulation. The light of the truth, that what took place in her house was debased, would never reach her."

Mary Blane calmly informed Lees that the girl had been seduced shortly before the ceremony by one of the vigilantes—an event that must have played havoc with their virgin offering—and that he had become so enamoured of the immigrant that he was now keeping her as his mistress.

"She now has stylish clothes and a private residence," Mary Blane told the detective. "Surely her position in

life has been much improved since she played her part in our ceremony."

Lees' journals do not reveal what transpired during this confrontation. "Whether he followed her to her room, and she stood, shed of her garments, and pressed her outsized breasts against him and told him what she wanted with her thighs, tight against his body, he was never directly to say," Mrs. Holdredge writes.

Whether or not Isaiah Lees ever had an affair with the Strange Woman can, at this point in history, only be a matter of conjecture. Whatever the true facts, Lees' wife, Amelia, believed that he did consort with Mary Blane, and it is said that such suspicions drove her to become a drug addict.

As San Francisco became more heavily populated and the family unit became stronger, it became increasingly difficult to snatch young girls off the street. Nor was it so easy to seize a young woman for the one ecstatic experience of a Black Mass and quietly take her to another city and marry her off. The wagon trains were arriving with more and more young women of marriageable age, and with the shortage of women no longer so acute, there were fewer men who wished to accept "damaged goods." If a young woman had shed her virgin blossom, she had better be a widow or a divorcee, or her marriage prospects were definitely limited. Slowly, the vigilantes began to find diversion in gambling, and Mary Blane's house was converted into a gambling casino.

In spite of their attempt to sublimate their atavistic passions in the roll of dice and the spread of cards, the ritual of the virgin sacrifice had become a way of life to a good number of the vigilantes. But civilization was becoming too strong for them. Once when they abducted two fourteen-year-old girls, Lees strode boldly into the House of the Strange Woman and set them

free. It had been the first time that he had actually found kidnapped girls in the house; they seemed none the worse for wear and appeared to be actually rather excited by the perverse glamor of the dark rites. When Lees told them that a life of prostitution awaited them, they eagerly permitted him to accompany them to their home.

Mary Blane moved out of the house and tried for a time to establish a similar place of Satanic delight in a mansion in the country. But the vigilantes were through as a power to be feared, and the time for unrestrained bacchanals dedicated to the Horned God had come to an end.

Yes, I know. I, too, had placed the San Francisco vigilantes on the same lofty plateau of crime-fighters occupied by the Texas Rangers and the Northwest Mounted Police. I saw them as honest citizens who had banded together to protect their families from organized gangs of thugs and to build a city out of the corrupt chaos of a violent time. Now it appears that the crimebusters were fully as corrupt as any of the hoodlums whom they hanged. They just did not want the competition of free-lance thieves. Then, when the city began to grow and they had made their fortunes, their aroused blood passion refused to be easily quieted. Hangings and floggings were tapering off, but the ritual blood-letting of virginal hymens served to gratify yet another basic, primitive instinct.

Isaiah Lees' investigation eventually disclosed that of the one hundred and seventy-one men of the original Committee of Vigilance formed in 1851, sixty-nine had had criminal records before coming to San Francisco and a goodly number of the others had had what could tolerantly be termed "checkered careers." By way of

delightful irony, today the San Francisco Hall of Justice and the Morgue stand on the site which was once occupied by the House of the Strange Woman.

CHAPTER NINE

HOW TO COUNTERACT BLACK MAGIC

Of course the best and most obvious advice is not to become involved with Black Magic in the first place! But one may not have had any choice in the manner, having inadvertently been duped into such an involvement, or having been set upon and cursed by a Satanist witch through no particular fault of one's own. If one does believe in Witchcraft, Satanism, and the Powers of Darkness, then one must at least subconsciously believe in the ability of the witch to somehow create a psychic storm that can be directed toward a victim in the form of a curse or a hex.

If one is convinced that he has been cursed, he might enlist the aid of a White Witch, such as Cecil Williamson, who resides on Great Britain's Isle of Man. Williamson operates "The Witches' Kitchen," a kind of center for information on Witchcraft, and often conjures counter-spells for those who consider themselves beset by hexes.

"I only use magic for good purposes," Williamson stresses. The "Witchcraft Consultant," as he often calls himself, will not give medical advice to those who write to him for assistance, but he will attempt to aid afflicted clients by complicated rituals.

In many cases, Williamson says, he has no choice other than to fight evil with evil (a very risky endeavor for the amateur sorcerer, by the way!). The general principle he uses in such a situation is to make an

image, or puppet, to represent the witch who has cast the malign spell.

In explaining a particular de-cursing ceremony, Williamson was quoted in the October, 1968, issue of *Grit* as saying: "For this, I used clay worked with water; the clay must come from a river and be worked with falling fresh water. Briefly, the other ingredients were salt-water worms for the intestines, pine gum for the sperm or essence of life in the body, the berry of ivy from a churchyard for the eyes, white quartz from a high cliff for the teeth, a pregnant brown rat, and a black cock, which were burned—they were dead, of course—on the altar of fire to the sun. There were several other more unpleasant substances in the puppet, but we need not go into every detail."

Williamson explained that such ingredients must be fresh for each molded puppet, and the search for traditional necessities and special herbs may keep him busy for most of a day. For the particular de-cursing which was witnessed by the journalist, Williamson required seed pods of woodruffe, toad flax, meadow saxifrage, earth nut, and devil's bit. The "Witchcraft Consultant" pointed out that a less reliable member of his profession might have cancelled out the effects of the spell by carelessly omitting a required ingredient or by unprofessionally substituting one herb for another.

Once Williamson has fashioned a puppet, he subjects it to an arcane ritual and mails it to his client. Careful instructions for its use are included in its box. In one case, a client was advised to bury the box containing the puppet under a thin layer of soil. Over the soil, the client was told to light a bonfire and to add his own curses while the fire burned. Such an act, Williamson explained to his client, would intensify and renew the force of the fire which he had burned within his magic circle on the Isle of Man.

An incantation which Williamson often sends along with a curse-removing puppet goes like this:

Blow, blow, blow,
Spirit of the North Winds;
Blow, blow, blow,
Spirit of the East Winds.
Nourish and feed this fire,
Make fire become furnace,
To burn and utterly consume
The one who ill-wishes me.

The Witchcraft Consultant has emphasized that such a counter-curse, to be really effective, should be repeated several times over with ever-increasing force, power, and vehemence until the fire has burned itself out or the client has worn himself out repeating the curses.

In response to a query about whether or not such counter-spells were really effective Williamson said that he must exercise professional discretion about any details, but he added proudly that he had received very few complaints or reports of failure.

If one should feel that he has really caught himself a hex, the two most powerful methods of counteracting sorcery are prayer and exorcism. Prayers, amulets, symbols, charms, and so forth, call for the exercise of will, mental concentration. Exorcism is the method by which evil spirits are bound by a White Witch or a Priest by means of ceremonies and formulas, and cast away, or out of, the accursed.

In his book, *The Black Art*, Rollo Ahmed offers the procedures of a number of exorcisms by which evil forces might be resisted.

Ahmed tells us that only a priest or someone well

versed in the Occult should attempt an exorcism. In one method, Ahmed prescribes sealing the entrance to the house of the accursed one with wax made with wafers of the Host. Chalk crosses should be drawn on all the doors, and frankincense should be burnt over a large fire. A small portion of this fire is to be placed in a censer and carried from room to room at the same time that the exorcist prays for the hasty departure of evil. When this step has been completed, Holy Water that has been consecrated in a church is to be sprinkled about the rooms of the house by means of a hyssop. The words, "I exorcise thee, O unclean spirit, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," must be repeated in each room of the afflicted party's home. If a violent physical manifestation should occur, Ahmed advises, the exorcist should demand the source of the evil.

Among several methods of driving away evil forces, Ahmed gives one wherein the hexed individual might conduct the ceremony of exorcism by himself.

First a room should be selected for the ritual and it must be thoroughly cleaned. Only the most essential furniture should remain. If space limitations prevent one's removing the furniture, the pieces should be pushed back against the walls as far as possible. The person seeking the purification should next have a bath, preferably in cold water, and then put on clean clothes (most desirable would be a white robe especially made for the occasion).

Seven small brass bowls are to be arranged at intervals so that they form a circle roughly nine feet in diameter (if one is cramped for room, six feet will suffice). The bowls are to be filled with charcoal, sprinkled with frankincense, and should be allowed to burn while the officiator takes his place at the lower edge of

the circle, either standing or sitting cross-legged and facing North or East.

We shall visualize our officiator sitting cross-legged, as it would seem that most people would prefer this position. In front of him should be two bowls filled with water—a larger one on his left, a smaller one to his right. Directly in front of the larger bowl should be three candlesticks bearing unlit candles. Although it is not absolutely necessary, it would be best if the base of the candlesticks should have star-like three, five, or eight points. According to the inclination of the officiator, the candlesticks may be arranged in either a straight line or a triangular formation. Incense sticks should also be burnt within the circle to add to the aroma of the frankincense.

Ahmed recommends 11:00 A.M. as the best time for the ritual, but states that 11:00 P.M. may also be set as the appointed hour. Some authorities suggest a darkened room, but Ahmed believes a fully lighted area serves the purposes of exorcism much better.

Upon his entering the circle, the officiator is to recite the following evocation:

"I invoke the powers of light and the powers of love, and the purifying spirit that is in fire, and in water, to gather around me their forces and protection."

The officiator is to pause for about three minutes, then continue the invocation:

"I call upon all the higher spiritual forces and beings who have the progress and welfare of their human brothers in their care, to be witness to the promise (or vow) that I am about to make to cast away those things that are unworthy and to release the spirit within, and thus become impervious to any evil vibrations that may be seeking to harm me. I renounce———(whatever evil or fault is required to banish; such as pride, vanity,

lust, intemperance, etc.), which forms a link with evil forces."

The officiator pauses, then recites the Lord's Prayer, taking care to say, "*Leave us not when in* temptation," instead of "*Lead us not into* temptation."

Now, having renounced evil and recited the Lord's Prayer, the officiator should light the candles and drink a portion of the water in the smaller bowl.

A five-minute meditation period on peace and harmony should be next observed. At the conclusion of the meditation, the officiator should dip his fingers in the larger bowl of water and shake them three times.

The officiator now leaves the circle taking the larger bowl of water with him. The contents of the bowl are emptied, but the circle and the rest of the articles within it are to remain untouched. The candles should be permitted to burn down; the frankincense and incense should smolder until self-consumed. Under no circumstances is the officiator to re-enter the circle, and the door to the room is to remain locked until the next day.

If this ritual can only be performed at night, Ahmed cautions the reader, on no account must the officiator use a red light to supplement the light of the candles. It would be best if the ceremony were conducted by candlelight alone, but blue or green lights may be used.

The officiator must take care to sit as quietly as possible when he is within the magic circle. Any nervous fidgeting can cause disharmony and weaken the vibrations.

Only if the officiator is mentally distressed should another person be present to witness the ceremony. In most cases, the officiator should be alone.

This ritual may also be used to drive away evil from a "haunted house," Ahmed informs the reader, if the sentence "I renounce——which forces a link with evil

forces," be changed to, "I exorcise the evil influence, and dispel the dark forces within this house."

If the officiator should be nervous about using fire in the ceremony, Ahmed suggests that the same ritual be performed by substituting flowers for flames and seven white glass vases for the seven brass bowls. If at all possible, the flowers should be handpicked by the officiator himself. Their colors may be white, blue, mauve, pink, or mixed, but they must never be red.

In the event that flowers should be used by the officiator, the circle is to be broken at the completion of the ceremony by removing the seven vases of flowers and placing them in a straight row in another part of the room. The room must remain locked, as in the fire ceremony, and at the end of the twenty-four hour period, the flowers must either be burned or buried. Under no circumstances are they to be used in another part of the house or to be given to someone else. A simple toss in the garbage will not do, either. They must be consumed by flame or given back to the earth.

In the April, 1969, issue of the witches' newsletter, *The Laughing Cat*, editor-publisher Witch Leslie offers a relatively simple "Formula for Rejuvenation," which one might find useful if he be worn down by hostile psychic bombardment. This, Witch Leslie's own magic formula, is based partly on a secret she discovered years ago, and partly on a rejuvenation secret taught her when she was but a young girl by a little gnome-like man who was a Salem Warlock.

> Put a green bulb in a lamp, and flood a darkened room with this soft green glow. A nature color . . . green is most soothing to both physical nerves and eyes. Begin with a tiny breath as you look at this green lamp-light and start breathing in bigger and deeper breaths, as you visualize yourself inwardly

filling up with a burst of sparkling, emerald green light, from feet to top of head. . . . This is lighting up your astral body with the Green, youthful and healing ray of âstral electricity that indirectly heals, intensifies and refreshes your physical body and mind. Next, have a clear *green* glass of fresh water and sip it slowly, *feeling* the living magnetism of Life rushing all through you with every sip, 'til you have drained the glass.

. . . Now you are ready to lie down, flat on your back, legs and arms uncrossed. Relax, enjoy yourself for half an hour or an hour . . . in the mellow, life-giving green of this room. Imagine that you are floating in a world of *Green!* Repeat this once every day, or night, for a week, then forget about it. After a week or more, do it again for another week . . . until you get results. It is the greatest rest you could possibly get. . . . Soon your face will look younger; you will feel refreshed, vitalized, full of energy."

In his *Book of Legendary Spells,* Elbee Wright includes an ancient Cabalistic spell for warding off evil.

The operator faces the East and makes the sign of the Cabalistic Cross. As he touches his forehead, he whispers, "Thou art;" as he touches his solar plexus, he says, "The Kingdom;" as he touches his right shoulder, he says, "and the Power;" as he touches his left shoulder, he says, "and the Glory." Then, with hands clasped, he says loudly, "Amen!"

Wright explains that the Cabalistic Cross is not only a religious cross, but also includes the Occult symbolism for the four elements of Fire, Water, Earth, and Air, and the four Quarters of the Earth.

Once he has made the sign of the Cabalistic Cross, the operator should visualize a huge, Crusader's sword upraised in his right hand. While concentrating on the

sword, he should say: "In the name of the Supreme Lord God and His Son, Jesus Christ, I raise in defiance of Satan and his legions and against all malefactors, the Sword of Strength and Power."

This said, and still concentrating on the huge mental sword clutched in his right hand, the operator is to picture himself as twice his height, a powerful, massive, tower of supreme power and irresistible strength.

Once this has been accomplished, the operator lowers the Crusader's sword and begins to draw a mental circle about himself. He should visualize a golden flame at the point of his sword that leaves a circle of flickering light as he moves the blade about him.

At this point, the operator eliminates the visualized sword and concentrates on the burning circle of light that surrounds him.

Now, raising his clasped and prayerful hands above his head, the operator faces East and says: "I pray and trust that the mighty archangel Raphael will protect me from all evil forces and demons approaching from the East."

Immediately, he faces South and utters the same prayer, this time invoking the name of Michael, rather than Raphael. When he prays to the West, Gabriel is invoked, and to the North, the angel Uriel. At the time that he once again faces the East, the sign of the Cabalistic Cross is repeated.

Wright tells the reader that the adherents of White Magic believe that this spell will protect anyone within its circle for either the twelve hours of day or the twelve hours of night. It is deemed especially valuable for protecting the sleeper, for he may visualize the golden, fiery circle encompassing the entire bedroom. The process may be intensified by the burning of incense in a bowl in the center of the envisioned golden circle of fire.

Before one should endure the ritualistic business and bother of warding off an evil spell, he should first of all have a serious talk with himself and decide whether or not his imagination might be the real culprit. Under no circumstances should anyone regard the various ancient spells and incantations as some sort of parlor game, and certainly no one should deliberately set out to "invoke" an evil spirit. Whether demon it be from the subconscious or the Satanic realm, oftentimes something decidedly strange and bizarre *does* occur.

Let us at this point recall the words of Mark Niblett, our youthful lecturer in magic at Toronto's Free University: "I'm afraid of black magic. I'm afraid of burning myself. You can cast spells with this magic. You can gain power over people. People can become mentally unhinged. They can become very uptight."

We could discuss the power of suggestion, the will to believe, the ability to project negative impulses through some facet of mind energy as possible explanations for the power of Black Magic, but at this point in our crowded cabinets of orthodox knowledge, such theories are really very academic. No one really knows that much about the mechanics of Black Magic; therefore, one would be well-advised to simply leave it alone.

CHAPTER TEN

ROSEMARY'S BOO-BOO

Alan Spraggett, religion editor of the Toronto *Daily Star* and author of *The Unexplained*, recently asked witch Sybil Leek what she thought of the Witchcraft presented in the novel and the movie *Rosemary's Baby*, in which a young woman is raped by Satan in order that she might bear his child.

"It has about as much relation to real Witchcraft as Gomer Pyle has to the U.S. Marines," Mrs. Leek said in her delightfully colorful way. "I don't believe in God or the Devil as pictured in *Rosemary's Baby*. They'd make wonderful pets if they existed, but that's about all."

Then Mrs. Leek added a bit darkly: "Mind you, Satanism does exist. It's the worship not of some medieval Devil with horns and cloven feet, but of evil for evil's sake. I could tell you the name of a black magician who's practicing right now, a very important man in England. But that wouldn't be fair."

Do witches, the practitioners of the faith of the Old Religion, mock Christ and the Church, desecrate the holy ground of other religions, and seek young virgins to bear their Anti-Christ?

Nonsense, answers Raymond Buckland, High Priest of a New York coven, Director of the Buckland Museum of Witchcraft and Magick. "What sort of ceremonies do we have? First of all, there is no kissing of goat's buttocks, spitting on crosses, or any of the other nonsense associated with Witchcraft in the popular

mind. Ours is a religion like any other in that we are a group of people meeting together to worship in our particular way. We have prayers and chants: we go through different ceremonies at different times of the year; we do good, so far as we are able, and we abhor and fight evil."

As should be evident to the reader of this book, Rosemary's "boo-boo" lies in the fact that its popular and much-talked about storyline confuses Satanism with Witchcraft. When we are told in *Rosemary's Baby* that Satan has come up from Hell to beget himself a Son of mortal woman so that he might ". . . avenge the iniquities visited by the God worshippers upon His never doubting followers," we know that the author has to be writing about Satanism. As we have noted often throughout the course of this text—and Sybil Leek has reminded us in this chapter—witches do not even believe in Satan.

And we hear along with the stunned Rosemary that her infant son shall "overthrow the mighty and lay waste their temples! He shall redeem the despised and wreak vengeance in the name of the burned and the tortured!" This line of thought is, again, pure Satanism; and it closely parallels and parodies the excitement felt by the Jews who worshipped at the manger birthplace of the infant Jesus and saw in him the fulfillment of the prophecies concerning a Messiah who would scourge the enemies of the just with the might of King David.

The idea of a group of devout Satanists having located a proper mother for their savior—she was not a virgin, but neither was she yet a mother—may make exciting reading and viewing (actually, the plot is a rather tired one), but it also makes for a distortion of the basic principles and theology of Witchcraft.

"We are polytheistic. We believe there are many

gods," said Raymond Buckland. "Perhaps this would not be so difficult for an outsider to understand if he made a comparison with the one Christian God and the large number of Catholic Saints. In the same way, we have one principal God and the rest are minor and, in fact, nameless. Along with our principal God, however, we also have a Goddess. Because ours was originally a religion extremely close to nature, we feel these must always be male *and* female in all things—even our deities."

One can easily see from this declaration of faith on the part of one of the Old Religion's High Priests that the concept of a Satan fathering a Son to bring about his kingdom here on Earth is not only completely antithetical to the very precepts and tenets of Witchcraft, but it is also nonsensical in the light of those precepts. Even from the standpoint of early Christian dualism, a Son of Satan bred to inherit the Earth has no basis in the dogma of Church. Since Jesus is Son of God and Lord of Heaven, the old theology reasoned, then Satan, Lucifer, the Devil, fallen angel that he is, is the Prince of this World, and as such, the World is his thrall until the Second Coming of Christ.

The Roman Catholic Legion of Decency gave the film version of *Rosemary's Baby* a "C" (condemned) rating. A spokesman for the reviewing group said that the movie's several scenes of nudity would alone have qualified the film for a "C" classification, but ". . . much more serious . . . is the perverted use which the film makes of fundamental Christian beliefs, especially the events surrounding the birth of Christ, and its mockery of religious persons and practices. The very technical excellence of the film serves to intensify its defamatory nature."

There is no question that the film does have technical excellence and must certainly qualify as one of the

most masterful horror movies of all times. Why, one can only grit his teeth and wonder, wasn't there more attention paid to detail? Why didn't someone bother to do a bit of research and allow the picture to serve as vehicle that might straighten out a few misconceptions about Witchcraft, rather than add a few more bends and twists? Surely it would not have impeded the storyline in any way to have called a spade a spade and a Satanist a Satanist.

On the January 31, 1969, telecast of NBC's *The Tonight Show,* the director of *Rosemary's Baby,* Roman Polanski told a bemused Johnny Carson about the censorship trouble which they had had with the film in Great Britain. The British movie censor had scissored a few seconds from the scene in which Satan impregnates the nude Mia Farrow.

"The authorities were upset," Polanski explained to his host, "because there is quite a lot of this particular kind of Witchcraft going on in Britain today."

The manner in which Polanski relayed this information betrayed the fact that the brilliant young director had never really considered the possibility that contemporary Witchcraft and Satanism could exist outside the pages of a novel or a screen play. Polanski was unable to clarify the censor's objections and elaborate that it was the Satanism running rampant in Great Britain today that really distressed the authorities and brought the scissors down on a small segment of the film.

Polanski's apparent lack of information about contemporary Witchcraft and Satanism was explained when he admitted to Johnny Carson that he had done absolutely no research for the movie. This confession came in response to Carson's rather obvious interviewer-type question about how much time the director had spent haunting libraries and bookstores gaining insight into Satanic rituals and rites.

Polanski remembered that he had looked at one book on Witchcraft so that they might copy some of the symbols from the illustrations to paint on Mia Farrows naked body. In other words, the director of the film on modern Satanism, erroneously labeled Witchcraft, had seen only one book on the subject—and then he admitted that he had only looked at the pictures! Witches have grown weary of being linked with their theological opposites because of such casual research and such careless interpretations of Witchcraft rituals.

The January, 1969, issue of *Beyond* carried a letter from a witch who had written to express an objection to their aforementioned special issue on Witchcraft. There is no doubt that she wrote on behalf of a good many disgruntled witches. I know that my own mail was heavy with objections to the suggestions of bizarre and perverse rituals which many witches felt certain articles implied were a part of Witchcraft. For a time, I had a monthly column in *Beyond* and a good number of witches concluded that I had a say editorially as to what went in the magazine. Indeed, I did not; but I most certainly did know the difference between Witchcraft and Satanism.

Here is the letter from the witch who signed herself as Lamia. I am certain that it is representative of many such protests which the magazine received in response to their October, 1968, number.

> I would like to say I enjoy your magazine very much. However, in the October issue there was something which disturbed me deeply. I am referring to the Witchcraft section. You see, *I am a witch.* All of the articles you printed, except for the one by Raymond Buckland, were pertaining to the Satanic group. Although Dr. Buckland's article cleared up a

lot, I feel that the other articles left the readers the impression that all witches are evil and worship Satan. This is *not* true. The true witches of today (and we don't consider the Satanists as witches) exist only to do good . . . We do *not* worship Satan, but a Goddess that represents goodness, sweetness, understanding, and love. The God we worship represents the manly qualities of strength and endurance.

Although Mr. Buckland's coven seems . . . similar to mine, the group I belong to differs from his in certain respects. It appears that his group worships "sky-clad," or nude, while my group . . . wears floor-length robes with different colors for the winter and summer Sabbaths.

. . . Many people ask, "Why do witches demand secrecy?" . . . If many of my neighbors knew I was a witch, the first time they experienced bad luck or their child became ill, they would scream, "Burn, witch, burn!" They do not know that at times they have actually been helped by a witch.

Except, perhaps, for the Satanists, most things said about witches are untrue. . . . Hundreds of years ago, Christianity was not as it is today. Some of the priests actually dabbled in some sort of magic themselves. To them, witchcraft was a rival religion and competition. So they made up all sorts of wild tales to scare people away from Witchcraft. However, we witches do not condemn the Christians of today, as their religion is close to our own—based on goodness.

. . . We witches are struggling hard to recapture our good name, and I do not feel that six articles on Devil Worship, to the one on *true* Witchcraft was fair to us, or to your other readers.

Before I close I would like to add one more thing. I am a housewife, not a teenager or someone with a

distorted mind looking for kicks in a sex club using Witchcraft as a front. Sex to my group is sacred, and to be shared by a husband and wife.

I hope my letter will clear up a lot of misunderstandings. Thank you very much, and as witches say, "Blessed Be."

"The thing that really bugs me about the average person and his conception of Witchcraft is that he thinks we worship the Devil," Bill Broise, a young witch who is not ashamed to defend his ancient faith, told me not long ago.

"You know, movies like *Rosemary's Baby* certainly haven't helped our image any. Sure, some kids are getting turned-on about Witchcraft, but for all the wrong reasons! *Rosemary* shows Satanism pure and simple and that's not our bag at all!"

"I suppose," I began by way of explanation, "that so many paintings—even woodcuts from Medieval times—pictured the Horned God as a devil that modern man is just showing the results of several centuries of brainwashing."

Bill nodded. "Well, if you want to do us witches a favor, sometime, in one of your books, you can point out that Devil-worship would be mighty difficult for witches, because I have yet to meet a witch who *believes* in the Devil—in the sense of 'Satan,' principle of evil, I mean."

"How, then, did the God of the Witches become Satan, powerful and evil adversary of all Christiandom?"

"Well," Bill mused, "of course there was Pan, who was the lusty, goatfooted god of the Witches of Thessaly. Some scholars have tried to prove that Witchcraft was a Christian fabrication which took form during the Middle Ages. Satan, enemy of the Church, may have been born in Medieval times, but these learned

Ph.D.'s forget about the several Witch-cults which were in existence in ancient Greece, long before the birth of Christ.

"Of course, Witchcraft as we practice it today is really the culmination of the traditions and customs of many centuries."

"Do you feel that Witchcraft is now fairly static, that the process of evolution has been accomplished?" I asked him.

"Definitely not," Bill replied. "Witchcraft is still a living, growing tradition. I think that it will continue to evolve just as the human race itself evolves."

"How has Witchcraft changed from, let us say, the Middle Ages?" I wanted to know. "Would one still classify it as a fertility cult?"

"Our worship of the Horned God and the Moon Goddess is on a much more spiritual plane today than it was then," Bill said. "In those days, Witchcraft had to work for material fertility, for without such increase the practitioners and the people in general would have starved. Today's witch takes a much broader conception of Witchcraft as a fertility cult. Now we work for fertility of the mind, fertility of the soul.

"And who can argue with this quest?" Bill demanded. "Isn't this precisely what people need in this day and age? Modern man is stuck with the negative forces of materialism on one side of him and an orthodox religion which no longer speaks to his needs on the other!"

The evolution of the Horned God is a most remarkable one. He has progressed from a pantheistic nature god, essentially concerned with fertility . . . to a demonic, evil enemy of Church and State, essentially concerned with sexual indulgence and materialistic gain (and in the Church's view, with seizing souls for his fiery underworld kingdom) . . . to an inhabitant of the spiritual plane, essentially concerned with combating

the negative forces of contemporary materialistic society. The Satanists have, more or less, stayed with number two and have continued to deify a lusty, leering Lucifer, who tempts with material and fleshly delights and remains the eternal rebel, the everlasting antithesis of good.

Robert Cochrane, a descendent of a hereditary witch family that goes back to 1734, has said that Witchcraft, the Faith of the Wise (Wicca, Old English for "wise" gives us today's word, "witch") is concerned with total Truth. In Cochrane's view, not only is Witchcraft one of the oldest of religions, but it is also one of the most potent, "bringing as it does, Man into contact with Gods, and Man into contact with Self." Witchcraft has, in common with all great religions, an "inner experience that is greater than the exterior world . . . a discipline that creates from the world an enriched inward vision." Cochrane feels that Witchcraft ". . . can and does embrace the totality of human experience from birth to death, then beyond."

In the November, 1964, issue of *Pentagram*, Cochrane spoke to the question of the Old Craft's place in modern society.

"The value of the Old Craft today is that in it lies the seeds of the Old Mystery tradition," Cochrane maintains. "Through this the witch may perceive the beginnings of that ultimate in wisdom, knowledge of themselves and of their motives. The genuine Mysteries are open to all, because anyone having experience enough can understand that basic Message."

Cochrane believes that in ancient superstitious tradition there are profound secrets hidden, "secrets folded within the most mediocre belief and action." These are great secrets, Cochrane insists, secrets of the soul and of destiny.

If the witches are to survive in this modern age,

Cochrane chides them, they must examine their religion and force it to undergo some violent and radical changes. "Changes that will open the ritual for examination, so that the spiritual content may be clearly seen. Changes that must kick over many sacred cows to see whether these old cows still give milk."

In Cochrane's view, the inherent philosophy of the Craft has always been fluid, and ". . . fluid it must become again before it gasps its last breath under a heap of musty nonsense, half-baked theology and philosophy. Witches cannot retreat from the world any longer, there is no room for us in this society unless we have something valid to offer it, and participate in its social evolution."

I am not a witch nor do I champion Witchcraft as a religion. I am merely a reporter who hopes that in the course of this book I have adequately explained what Witchcraft is not and, especially what Satanism is. Articulate contemporary Witchcraft spokesmen, such as Robert Cochrane, are calling upon the covens around the world to offer something valid to society, to participate in the social evolution that is taking place in every land. Surely no one can ask any more of any religion or institution in our Nuclear Age.

Satanism, however, will undoubtedly continue to conduct its perverse ceremonies and practice its sex orgies in dark and secret places. It has nothing valid to offer contemporary society, and its particular emphases would hasten our culture's social destruction, rather than assist in its social evolution.

Anton Szandor La Vey, of the First Satanic Church of America in San Francisco, outlined such principles for modern Satanism as these:

Satanism represents indulgence, instead of abstinence.

Satanism represents undefiled wisdom, instead of hypocritical self-deceit.

Satanism represents vengeance, instead of turning the other cheek.

Satanism represents man as just another animal—sometimes better, more often worse, than those who walk on all fours—who, because of his "divine" spiritual and intellectual development, has become the most vicious animal of all.

This is the age of "do your own thing, man," but the bead-and-flower-bedecked ones who advocate this philosophy also emphasize that a man does his own thing just as long as it does not hurt someone else.

Self-interest can be a wonderful thing, and it certainly helped put the capital "P" in Progress. But Earth, 1970, is too crowded for any man to be a completely self-indulgent little island, because he will just keep rubbing up against too many other shorelines.

Satanism, in one form or another, will probably always be with us. There will always be the sexually jaded, ever-hungry for new kicks. Society, no matter how "open" it may become, will always be considered repressive to the libertine, the seducer, and the rake. The sexual voyeur and the exploiter of human emotion we shall always have with us, just as there will always be the particular kind of rebel who will somehow find release for his mental malady in the ritual trappings of a pseudo-religion that worships evil for evil's sake. These and the other special and unique maladjusted malcontents who flock around the Satanist banner will always be lured into subcultural and subterranean societies in search of answers to questions their psyches can never fully form.

Rosemary's "boo-boo" was that she pinned the wrong label on her nosy neighbors with the smelly herb bags. They were Satanists, not witches. Witches, it is true, may sometimes be a bit pushy with their herbs and nostrums, and they chant and dance just as loudly, and

often just as bare, as the Satanists, but as far as seeking a young woman's body to bear the Horned God's Son—stop the music! The pipes of Pan have never played such a tune. And it is to be hoped that any reader who may inadvertantly have found himself dancing to sensual Satanic strains, will politely, but firmly, excuse himself from the circle and head for the nearest exit.

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